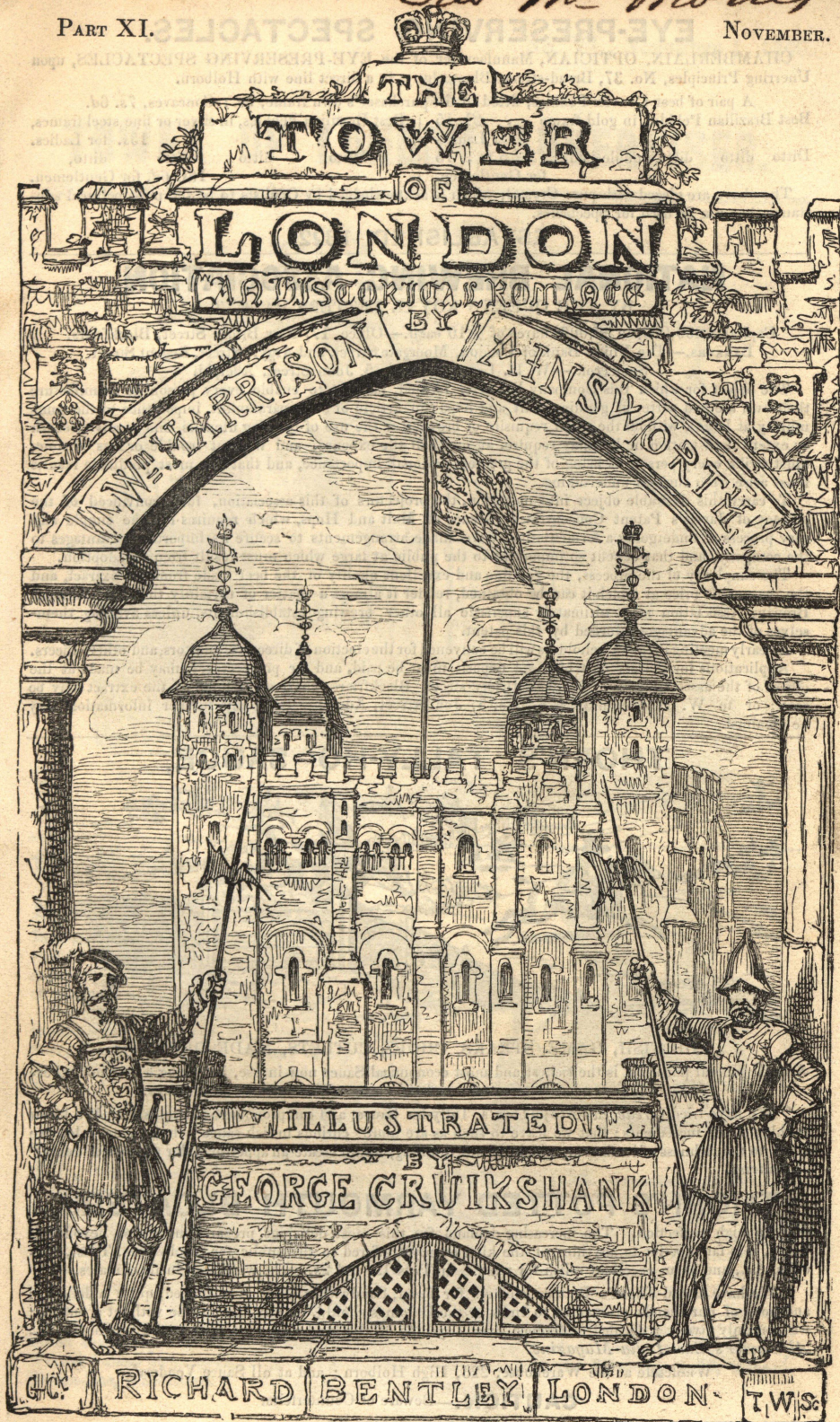


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BANKERS.—The Union Bank of London, Moorgate Street, and Argyll Street, Regent Street.

SOLICITOR.—W. H. Lammin, Esq., 5, John Street, Adelphi.

The object for which this Company has been formed, namely, to enable every person to manufacture their own ale and porter of genuine malt and hops (an article of such paramount importance to the community at large), without the usual requisite of brewing or the use of brewing utensils, and to any strength or extent their station in life may require, at one-half the expense, and without trouble or loss of time, must strike every person as being of the greatest national importance, and that the most profitable results must arise from such an undertaking.

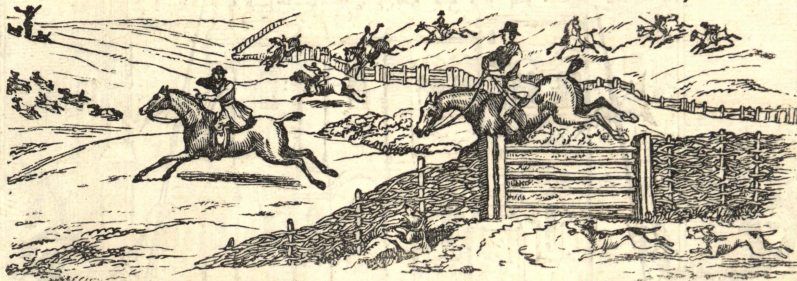
To carry this desirable object into operation, the projectors of this association, fully convinced of the efficacy of Jarvis's Patent Concentrated Essence of Malt and Hops, which requires but the simple and easy process of undergoing a fermentation, have made arrangements to secure its important advantages to the company, and that benefit so important to the public at large which must result from its adoption.

The simplicity of the process, the genuine and excellent quality of the beer made from the extract, and the reasonable price at which it can be obtained, render it almost a matter of certainty that the National Brewing Association must ultimately supersede all other brewing establishments, unless availing themselves of the advantages afforded by this patent.

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 —*Alexander's East India Magazine*.

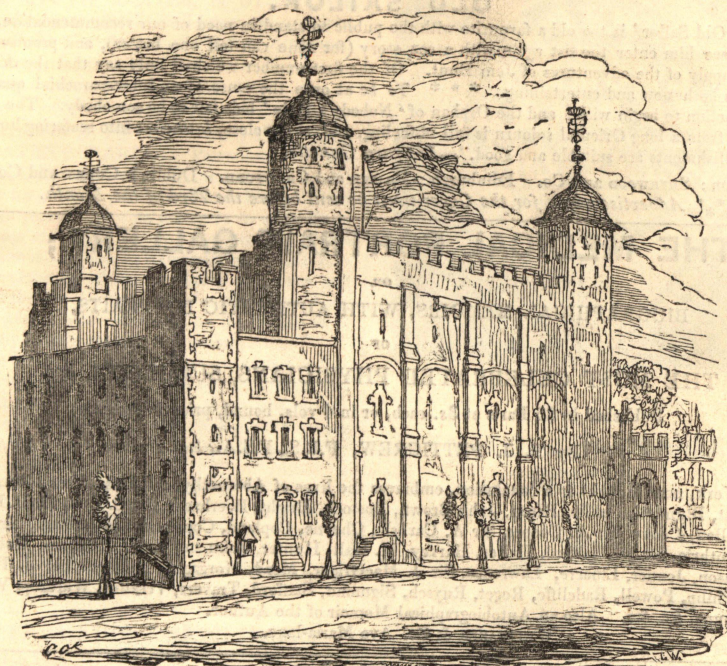
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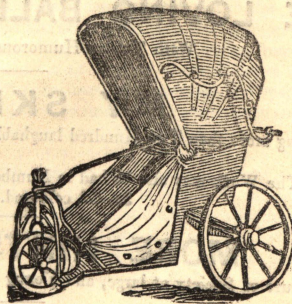
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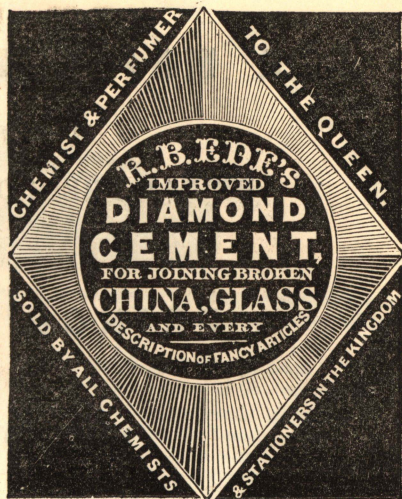
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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

IN HER MAGNIFICENT

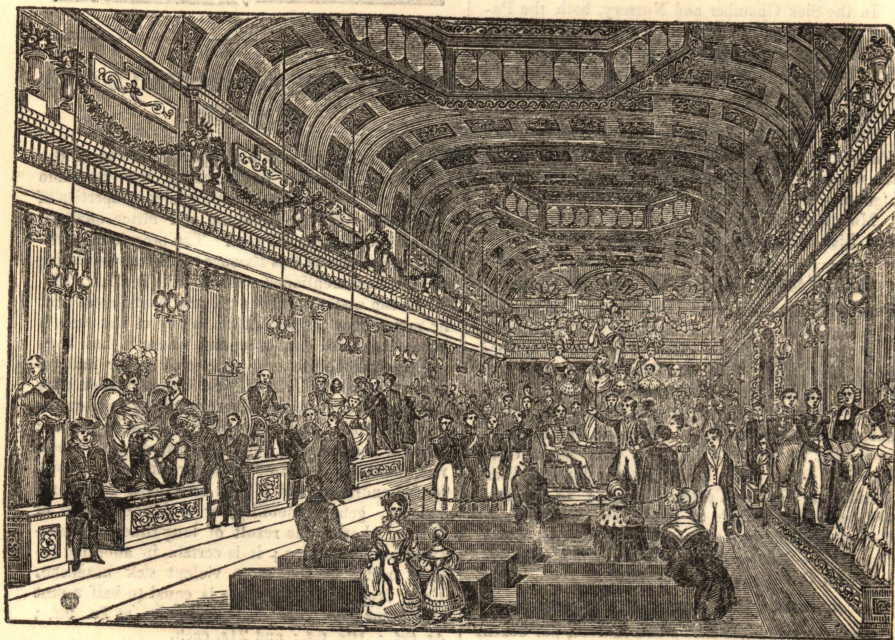
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PRINCE ALBERT,

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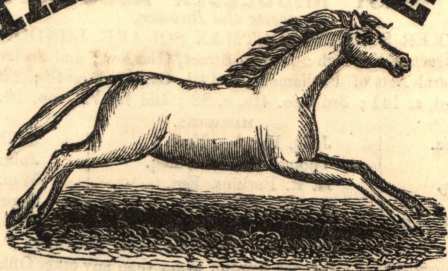
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Dear is the vender's native town,
Though cheap this product of his skill
There Alfred (1) battled for his crown,
And graved his White Horse on our hill:
Our hill, of pic-nic spots the chief,
Where fair ones, couch'd on flowery moss,
Enjoy our matchless Vale-fed beef,
Married to Goodman's matchless Sauce.
The bold Uffinga's (2) bones repose
Beneath our ancient Minster's cross;
On our rich soil the mushroom grows,
That lends a zest to Goodman's Sauce.
Great Condé's cook (3) fell on his sword;
Despairing at his fish-cart's loss;

A proof that Condé's princely board
Lack'd such resource as Goodman's Sauce.
For when cold scraps provoke his spleen
On washing-day, the husband cross
Shall wear again a brow serene,
Sooth'd by a taste of Goodman's Sauce.
The goose, that on our Ock's green shore
Thrives to the size of Albatross,
Is twice the goose it was before,
When hash'd with neighbour Goodman's Sauce.
And ye, fat trout and egle, who feed
Where Kennet's silver waters toss,
Proud are your Berkshire hearts to bleed,
When drest with Goodman's prime Vale Sauce.

1. King Alfred defeated the Danes on the White Horse Hill, and carved the Saxon standard on it, a White Horse. N.B. He was born at Wantage.
2. Uffinga was the title of the Saxon sovereign of a district. Uffington means the Uffinga's Town. N.B. Minster means a large Church.
3. About 150 years ago, when Louis XIV. King of France was to dine with the Prince of Condé, one of the Royal Family, the Prince's cook, finding that the fish had not been sent for dinner, killed himself with the sword which was worn in those days by the Master-Cooks in great families.

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Dans un roman que m'a conté ma tante
J'ai ouï-dire d'une certaine " Sauce Robert,"
Avec laquelle, tant elle est ragoutante,
L'homme mangerait son respectable père;
Mais muni de la sauce appétissante
De GOODMAN, on peut manger tout entière,
Comme feu Saturne, sa famille bien-aimée,
La chaste épouse, et l'unique héritière.

ACHILLE PERIGOT,
Membre de l'Institut Gastronomique de Paris.

Fragst du, mein Freund, wass meistens mir gefällt,
Es ist zu rauchen, trinken brav, und fressen,
Und alles wohl verkündigen zum Welt
Was ich hab' immer köstlichstes gegessen.

Die Bratwurst die man isst zum Weissen Schwan,*
Ist die merkwürdigste der Deutschland's Speisen;

* Röder und Kühner's Gasthof.

Se vuoi, amico mio, ben osservare
I giorni di Quaresima in contento,
Io ti consiglio di cercar comprare
Del Signor GOODMAN il bel condimento.
Non v'è un pesce che l' uom può mangiare,
Sia buono, o sia cattivo, (com' io sento,)
Che questo non sa render saporito.
Gusta, e convieni ch' io non ho mentito.

LUIGI MORTADELLA,
De Bologna la Grassa.

Das Schwarzwild, das uns Florenz geben kann,
Der Reisende genug mag nimmer preisen:
Der Fisch von England, ach! das lieblich schmeckt,
Mit Goodman's Rossthalwürze wohl bedeckt.

JOHANN BALTHAZAR LECKERBISSEN,
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HODGSON'S BRITISH WINES, equalled by few, surpassed by none; warranted four years old, and of the finest quality, 16s. per dozen; to be had only at J. Hodgson's Oil, Italian, and British Wine Warehouse, 27, Union-street, East Bishopsgate-street.

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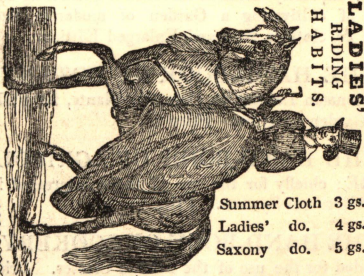
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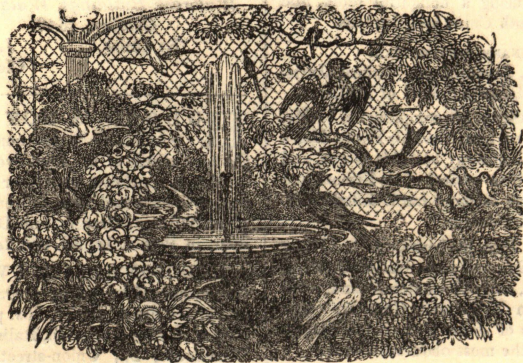
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VON CASPAR





George Cruikshank

Elizabeth brought Prisoner to the Tower.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1840.

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George Cruikshank

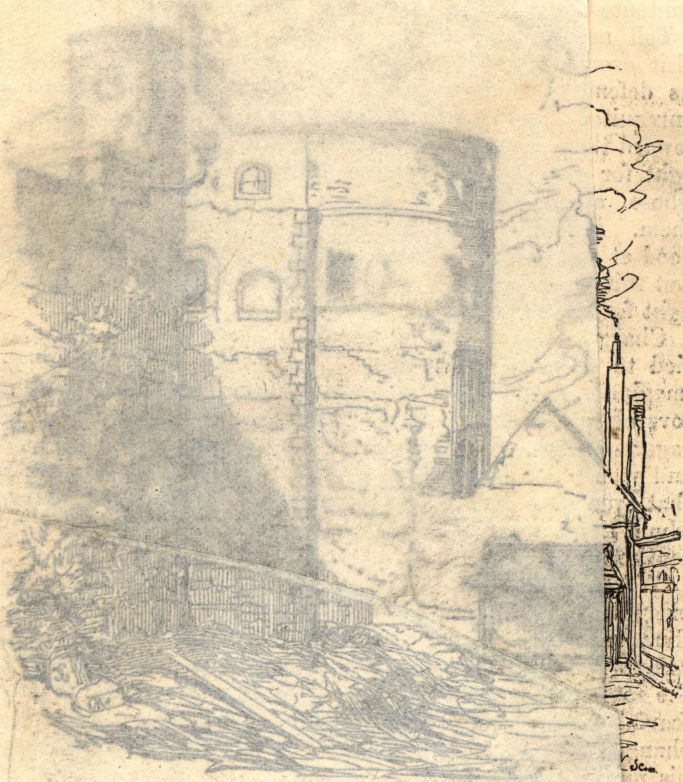
Jane imploring Mary to spare her Husband's life.





The Death Warrant.

London: Published by Richard Bentley, 1840.



SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF THE JEWEL TOWER.

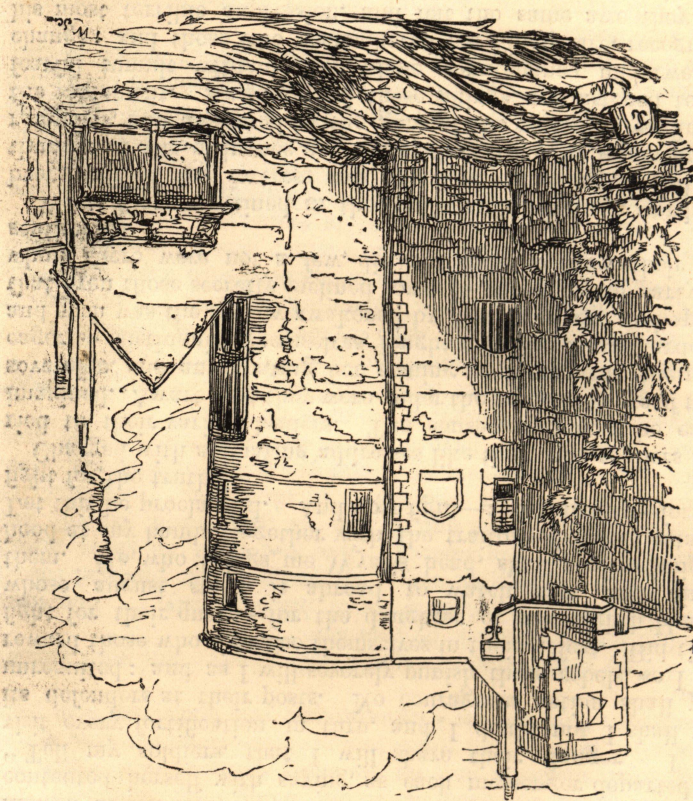
XXX.—HOW QUEEN MARY COMPORTED HERSELF DURING THE SIEGE ;
 HOW LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY WAS CAPTURED ; AND HOW SIR
 THOMAS WYAT AND THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK WERE CAPTURED.

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Throughout the whole of the siege, the queen maintained her accustomed firmness; and to her indomitable courage, and the effect produced by it upon her followers, the successful issue of the conflict to the royalist party is mainly to be attributed. Startled from her slumbers by the roar of the artillery, Mary arose, and hastily arraying herself, quitted the palace with Gardiner, Renard, and a few other attendants, who had flown to her on the first rumour of the attack, and repaired to the lieutenant's lodgings, where she found Sir Henry Bedingfeld in the entrance-hall, surrounded by armed men, bustled in giving them instructions, and despatching messages to the officers in command of the different fortifications.

XXX.—HOW QUEEN MARY COMFORTED HERSELF DURING THE SIEGE; HOW LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY WAS CAPTURED; AND HOW SIR THOMAS WYAT AND THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK WERE ROUTED.

SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF THE JEWEL TOWER.



At the queen's appearance, the old knight would have flung himself at her feet, but she motioned him not to heed her, and contented herself with saying, as each messenger departed:—"Tell my soldiers, that I will share their danger. I will visit every fortification in turn, and I doubt not I shall find its defenders at their posts. No courageous action shall pass unrequited: and as I will severely punish these rebels, so I will reward those who signalise themselves in their defeat. Bid them fight for their queen—for the daughter of the Eighth Henry, whose august spirit is abroad to watch over and direct them. He who brings me Wyat's head, shall receive knight-hood at my hands, together with the traitor's forfeited estates. Let this be proclaimed. And now fight—and valiantly—for you fight for the truth."

Charged with animating addresses like these, the soldiers hurried to their various leaders. The consequence may be easily imagined. Aware that they were under the immediate eye of their sovereign, and anticipating her coming each moment, the men, eager to distinguish themselves, fought with the utmost ardour; and such was the loyalty awakened by Mary's energy and spirit, that even those secretly inclined towards the opposite party, of whom there were not a few, did not dare to avow their real sentiments.

While Mary remained in the lieutenant's lodgings, word was brought that the fortress was attacked on all sides, and the thunder of the ordnance now resounding from the whole line of ramparts, and answered by the guns of the besiegers, confirmed the statement. As she heard these tidings, and listened to the fearful tumult without, her whole countenance underwent a change; and those who remembered her kingly sire, recognised his most terrible expression, and felt the same awe they had formerly experienced in his presence.

"Oh! that I had been born a man!" she cried, "that with my own hand I might punish these traitors. But they shall find, though they have a woman to deal with, they have no feeble and faint-hearted antagonist. I cannot wield a sword; but I will stand by those who can. Sir Henry Bedingfeld, take these orders from me, and they are final. Let the siege go how it may, I will make no terms with the rebels, nor hold further parley with them. Show them no quarter—exterminate them utterly. I no longer regard them as subjects—children; but as aliens—foes. Deal with them as such. And look you yield not this fortress—for by God's grace! I never will yield it. Where is your own post, Sir Henry?"

"At the By-ward Tower, your highness," replied Bedingfeld. "The traitor Wyat directs the attack in that quarter; and he is most to be feared of all our opponents. I will not quit the fortification with my life. But who shall succeed me, if I fall?"

"The queen," replied Mary. "But you will *not* fall, good Beding-

feld. You are appointed by Heaven to be my preserver. Go to your post; and keep it, in my name. Go, and fight for your royal mistress, and for the holy Catholic faith which we both of us profess, and which these rebels—these heretics, would overthrow. Go, and the Virgin prosper you, and strengthen your arm."

"I obey your majesty," replied Bedingfeld; "and yet I cannot but feel that my place is by your side."

"Ah! do you loiter, sir?" cried Mary fiercely. "You have tarried here too long already. Do you not hear yon loud-voiced cannon summon you hence? Are you deaf to those cries? To your post, sir—and quit it not for your head. Stay!" she added, as the knight was about to obey her. "I meant not this. I have been over-hasty. But you will bear with me. Go. I have no fears—and have much to do. Success be with you. We meet again as victors, or we meet no more."

"We shall meet ere day-break," replied the knight. And quitting the presence, he hurried to the By-ward Tower.

"In case fate declares itself against your highness, and the insurgents win the fortress," observed Renard, "I can convey you beyond their reach. I am acquainted with a subterranean passage communicating with the further side of the moat, and have stationed a trusty guard at its entrance."

"In the event your excellency anticipates," returned Mary, sternly, "but which I am assured will never occur, I will not fly. While one stone of that citadel stands upon another it shall never be surrendered: and while life remains to her, Mary of England will never desert it. In your next despatch to the prince your master, tell him his proposed consort proved herself worthy—in resolution, at least—of the alliance."

"I will report your intrepid conduct to the prince," replied Renard. "But I would, for his sake, if not for your own, gracious madam, that you would not further expose yourself."

"To the ramparts!" cried Mary, disregarding him. "Let those follow me, who are not afraid to face these traitors."

Quitting the entrance-hall, she mounted a broad staircase of carved oak, and traversing a long gallery, entered a passage leading to the Bell Tower—a fortification already described as standing on the west of the lieutenant's lodgings, and connected with them. The room to which the passage brought her, situated on the upper story, and now used as part of the domestic offices of the governor, was crowded with soldiers, busily employed in active defensive preparations. Some were discharging their calivers through the loopholes at the besiegers, while others were carrying ammunition to the roof of the building.

Addressing a few words of encouragement to them, and, crossing the room, Mary commanded an officer to conduct her to the walls. Seeing from her manner that remonstrance would be useless, the officer obeyed. As she emerged from the low arched

doorway opening upon the ballium wall, the range of wooden houses on the opposite side of the moat burst into flames, and the light of the conflagration, while it revealed the number of her enemies and their plan of attack, rendered her situation infinitely more perilous, inasmuch as it betrayed her to general observation. Directed by the shouts, the besiegers speedily discovered the occasion of the clamour; and though Sir Thomas Wyatt, who was engaged at the moment in personally directing the assault on the Bulwark Gate, commanded his men to cease firing in that quarter, his injunctions were wholly disregarded, and several shots struck the battlements close to the queen. Seriously alarmed, Gardiner earnestly entreated her to retire, but she peremptorily refused, and continued her course as slowly as if no danger beset her—ever and anon pausing to watch the movements of the besiegers, or to encourage and direct her own men. Before she reached the Beauchamp Tower, the Bulwark Gate was carried, and the triumphant shouts of the insurgents drew from her an exclamation of bitter anger.

“It is but a small advantage gained, your highness,” remarked the officer; “they will be speedily repulsed.”

“Small as it is, sir,” rejoined the queen, “I would rather have lost the richest jewel from my crown than they had gained so much. Look! they are gathering together before the Lion’s Gate. They are thundering against it with sledge-hammers, battering-rams, and other engines. I can hear the din of their blows above all this tumult. And see! other troops are advancing to their aid. By their banners and white coats, I know they are the London trained-bands, headed by Bret. Heaven confound the traitor! He who will bring him to me dead or alive, shall have whatever he asks. Ah, God’s death! they have forced the Lion’s Gate—they drive all before them. Recreants! why do you not dispute it inch by inch, and you may regain what you have lost? Confusion! Wyatt and his rebel band press onward, and the others fly. They pass through the Middle Tower. Ah! that shout, those fearful cries! They put my faithful subjects to the sword. They are in possession of the Middle Tower, and direct its guns on the By-ward Tower. Wyatt and his band are on the bridge. They press forward, the others retreat. Retreat! ah, caitiffs, cowards that you are, you *must* fight now, if you have a spark of loyalty left. They fly. They have neither loyalty nor valour. Where is Bedingsfeld?—where is my lieutenant? why does he not sally forth upon them? If I were there, I would myself lead the attack.”

“Your majesty’s desires are fulfilled,” remarked the officer; “a sally is made by a party from the gate—the rebels are checked.”

“I see it!” exclaimed the queen, joyfully—“but what valiant men are they who thus turn the tide? Ah! I know them now, they are my famous giants—my loyal warders. Look how the rebel ranks are cleared by the sweep of their mighty arms.

Brave yeomen! you have fought as no belted knights have hitherto fought, and have proved the truth of your royal descent. Ah! Wyat is down. Slay him! spare him not, brave giant! his lands, his title are yours. Heaven's curse upon him, the traitor has escaped! I can bear this no longer," she added, turning to her conductor. "Lead on: I would see what they are doing elsewhere."

The command was obeyed, but the officer had not proceeded many yards when a shot struck him, and he fell mortally wounded at the queen's feet.

"I fear you are hurt, sir," said Mary, anxiously.

"To death, madam," gasped the officer. "I should not care to die, had I lived to see you victorious. When all others were clamouring for the usurper Jane, my voice was raised for you, my rightful queen; and now my last shout shall be for you."

"Your name?" demanded Mary, bending over him.

"Gilbert," replied the officer—"I am the grandson of Gun-nora Braose."

"Live, Gilbert," rejoined Mary—"live for my sake!"

Raising himself upon one arm, with a dying effort, Gilbert waved his sword over his head, and cried, "God save Queen Mary, and confusion to her enemies!" And with these words, he fell backwards, and instantly expired. The queen gazed for a moment wistfully at the body.

"How is it," she mused, as she suffered herself to be led onward by Renard, "that, when hundreds of my subjects are perishing around me, this man's death should affect me so strongly?—I know not. Yet, so it is."

Her attention, however, was speedily attracted to other matters. Passing through the Beauchamp Tower, she proceeded to the next fortification.

The main attacks of the besiegers, as has been previously stated, were directed against the Brass Mount, Saint Thomas's Tower, and the By-ward Tower;—the western and north-western ramparts, including the Leg Mount, a large bastion corresponding with the Brass Mount, being comparatively unmolested. Taking up a position on the roof of the Devilin Tower, which flanked the north-west angle of the ballium wall, Mary commanded two sides of the fortress, and the view on either hand was terrific and sublime. On the left, the blazing habitations, which being of highly-combustible material were now, in a great measure, consumed, cast a red and lurid glare on the moat, lighting up the ramparts, the fortifications behind them, and those on the bridge,—two of which, she was aware, were in the possession of the besiegers. In this quarter the firing had ceased; and it seemed that both parties had by mutual consent suspended hostilities, to renew them in a short time with greater animosity than ever. On the right, however, the assault continued with unabated fury. A constant fire was kept up from the temporary batteries placed before the postern gate; clouds of arrows

whizzed through the air, shot by the archers stationed on the banks of the moat; and another ladder having been placed against the ramparts, several of the scaling party had obtained a footing, and were engaged hand to hand with the besieged. Ever and anon, amid this tumultuous roar was heard a loud splash, proclaiming that some miserable wretch had been hurled into the moat.

After contemplating the spectacle for some time in silence, Mary proceeded to the Flint Tower—a fortification about ninety feet nearer the scene of strife. Here the alarming intelligence was brought her that Lord Guilford Dudley was in possession of the Brass Mount, and that other advantages had been gained by the insurgents in that quarter. The fight raged so fiercely, it was added, that it would be tempting Providence in her majesty to proceed further. Yielding, at length, to the solicitations of her attendants, Mary descended from the walls, and shaped her course towards the White Tower; while Renard, by her command, hastened to the Martin Tower (now the Jewel Tower) to ascertain how matters stood. His first step was to ascend the roof of this structure, which, standing immediately behind the Brass Mount, completely overlooked it.

It must be borne in mind that the Tower is surrounded by a double line of defences, and that the ballium wall and its fortifications are much loftier than the outer ramparts. Renard found the roof of the Martin Tower thronged with soldiers, who were bringing their guns to bear upon the present possessors of the Brass Mount. They were assisted in their efforts to dislodge them by the occupants of the Brick Tower and the Constable Tower; and notwithstanding the advantage gained by the insurgents, they sustained severe loss from the constant fire directed against them. Renard's glance sought out Lord Guilford Dudley; and after a few moments' search, guided by the shouts, he perceived him with Cholmondeley driving a party of royalists before him down the steps leading to the eastern ramparts. Here he was concealed from view, and protected by the roofs of a range of habitations from the guns on the ballium wall.

A few moments afterwards, intelligence was conveyed by the soldiers on the Broad Arrow Tower to those on the Constable Tower, and thence from fortification to fortification, that Dudley having broken into one of the houses covering the ramparts, was descending with his forces into the eastern ward.

Renard saw that not a moment was to be lost. Ordering the soldiers not to relax their fire for an instant, he put himself at the head of a body of men, and hurrying down a spiral stone staircase, which brought him to a subterranean chamber, unlocked a door in it, and traversing with lightning swiftness a long narrow passage, speedily reached another vaulted room. At first no outlet was perceptible; but snatching a torch from one of his band, Renard touched a knob of iron in the wall,

and a stone dropping from its place discovered a flight of steps, up which they mounted. These brought them to a wider passage, terminated by a strong door clamped with iron, and forming a small sally-port opening upon the eastern ward, a little lower down than Lord Guilford Dudley and his party had gained admittance to it. Commanding his men to obey his injunctions implicitly, Renard flung open the sally-port, and dashed through it at their head.

Dudley was pressing forward in the direction of the Iron Gate when Renard appeared. Both parties were pretty equally matched in point of number, though neither leader could boast more than twenty followers. Still, multitudes were hastening to them from every quarter. A detachment of royalists were issuing from a portal near the Salt Tower; while a host of insurgents were breaking through the house lately forced by Lord Guilford Dudley, and hurrying to his assistance. In a few seconds, the opposing parties met. By the light of the torches, Dudley recognized Renard; and, uttering a shout of exultation, advanced to the attack.

As soon as it was known to the insurgents that the abhorred Spanish ambassador was before them, with one accord they turned their weapons against him, and if their leader had not interposed, would have inevitably slain him.

"Leave him to me," cried Dudley, "and I will deliver my country from this detested traitor. Fellow soldiers," he added, addressing Renard's companions, "will you fight for Spain, for the Inquisition, for the idolatries of Rome, when swords are drawn for your country—and for the Reformed religion? We are come to free you from the yoke under which you labour. Join us, and fight for your liberties, your laws,—for the gospel, and for Queen Jane."

"Ay, fight for Jane, and the gospel!" shouted Cholmondeley. "Down with Renard and the See of Rome. No Spanish match! no Inquisition!"

"Who are you fighting for? Who is your leader?" continued Dudley;—"a base Spanish traitor. Who are you fighting against?—Englishmen, your friends, your countrymen, your brothers—members of the same faith, of the same family."

This last appeal proved effectual. Most of the royalists went over to the insurgents, shouting, "No Spanish match! no Inquisition! Down with Renard!"

"Ay, down with Renard!" cried Dudley. "I will no longer oppose your just vengeance. Slay him, and we will fix his head upon a spear. It will serve to strike terror into our enemies."

Even in this extremity, Renard's constitutional bravery did not desert him; and, quickly retreating, he placed his back against the wall. The few faithful followers who stood by him, endeavoured to defend him, but they were soon slain, and he could

only oppose his single sword against the array of partizans and pikes raised against him. His destruction appeared inevitable, and he had already given himself up for lost, when a rescue arrived.

The detachment of soldiers, headed by Sir Thomas Brydges, already described as issuing from the gate near the Salt Tower, seeing a skirmish taking place, hurried forward, and reached the scene of strife just in time to save the ambassador, whose assailants were compelled to quit him to wield their weapons in their own defence. Thus set free, Renard sprang like a tiger upon his foes, and, aided by the new-comers, occasioned fearful havoc among them. But his deadliest fury was directed against those who had deserted him, and he spared none of them whom he could reach with his sword.

Lord Guilford Dudley and his esquire performed prodigies of valour. The former made many efforts to reach Renard, but, such was the confusion around him, that he was constantly foiled in his purpose. At length, seeing it was in vain to contend against such superior force, and that his men would be speedily cut in pieces, and himself captured, he gave the word to retreat, and fled towards the north-east angle of the ward. The royalists started after them; but such was the speed at which the fugitives ran, that they could not overtake them. A few stragglers ineffectually attempted to check their progress, and the soldiers on the walls above did not dare to fire upon them, for fear of injuring their own party. In this way, they passed the Martin Tower, and were approaching the Brick Tower, when a large detachment of soldiers were seen advancing towards them.

"Long live Queen Jane!" shouted Dudley and his companions, vainly hoping they were friends.

"Long live Queen Mary, and death to the rebels!" responded the others.

At the cry, Dudley and his little band halted. They were hemmed in on all sides, without the possibility of escape; and the royalists on the fortifications above being now able to mark them, opened a devastating fire upon them. By this time, Renard and his party had turned the angle of the wall, and the voice of the ambassador was heard crying—"Cut them in pieces! Spare no one but their leader. Take him alive."

Hearing the shout, Dudley observed to Cholmondeley—"You have ever been my faithful esquire, and I claim one last service from you. If I am in danger of being taken, slay me. I will not survive defeat."

"Nay, my lord, live," cried Cholmondeley. "Wyat or the Duke of Suffolk may be victorious, and deliver you."

"No," replied Dudley, "I will not run the risk of being placed again in Mary's power. Obey my last injunctions. Should you

escape, fly to Jane. You know where to find her. Bid her embark instantly for France, and say her husband with his last breath blessed her."

At this moment, he was interrupted by Cholmondeley, who pointed out an open door in the ramparts opposite them. Eagerly availing himself of the chance, Dudley called to his men to follow him, and dashed through it, uncertain whither it led, but determined to sell his life dearly. The doorway admitted them into a low vaulted chamber, in which were two or three soldiers and a stand of arms and ammunition. The men fled at their approach along a dark, narrow passage, and endeavoured to fasten an inner door, but the others were too close upon them to permit it. As Dudley and his band advanced, they found themselves at the foot of a short flight of steps, and rushing up them, entered a semi-circular passage, about six feet wide, with a vaulted roof, and deep embrasures in the walls, in which cannon were planted. It was, in fact, the casemate of the Brass Mount. By the side of the cannon stood the gunners, and the passage was filled with smoke. Alarmed by the cries of their companions, and the shouts of Dudley and his band, these men, who were in utter ignorance of what had passed, except that they had been made aware that the summit of the bastion was carried, threw down their arms, and sued for quarter.

"You shall have it, friends," cried Dudley, "provided you will fight for Queen Jane."

"Agreed!" replied the gunners. "Long live Queen Jane."

"Stand by me," returned Dudley, "and these stout walls shall either prove our safeguard, or our tomb."

The gunners then saw how matters stood, but they could not retract; and they awaited a favourable opportunity to turn against their new masters.

Perceiving the course taken by Dudley and his companions, Renard felt certain of their capture, and repeated his injunctions to the soldiers to take him alive if possible, but on no account to suffer him to escape.

Dudley, meanwhile, endeavoured with Cholmondeley to drag one of the large pieces of ordnance out of the embrasure in which it was placed, with the view of pointing it against their foes. But before this could be accomplished, the attack commenced. Darting to the head of the steps, Dudley valiantly defended the pass for some time; and the royalist soldiers, obedient to the injunctions of Renard, forbore to strike him, and sought only his capture. The arched roof rang with the clash of weapons, with the reports of shot, and with the groans of the wounded and dying. The floor beneath them soon became slippery with blood. Still, Dudley kept his ground. All at once, he staggered, and fell. A blow had been dealt him from behind by one of the gunners, who had contrived to approach him unawares.

"It is over," he groaned to his esquire, "finish me, and fly, if you can, to Jane."

Cholmondeley raised his sword to comply with his lord's injunctions, but the blow was arrested by the strong arm of Renard, who bestriding his prey, cried, in a voice of exultation, "He is mine! Bear him to the Queen before he expires."

Cholmondeley heard no more, but darting backwards, sprang into the embrasure whence he had endeavoured to drag the cannon, and forcing himself through the aperture, dropped from the dizzy height into the moat.

While this was passing, Mary proceeded to Saint John's Chapel in the White Tower. It was brilliantly illuminated, and high mass was being performed by Bonner and the whole of the priesthood assembled within the fortress. The transition from the roar and tumult without to this calm and sacred scene was singularly striking, and calculated to produce a strong effect on the feelings. There, all was strife and clamour; the air filled with smoke was almost stifling; and such places as were not lighted up by the blaze of the conflagration or the flashing of the ordnance and musquetry, were buried in profound gloom. Here, all was light, odour, serenity, sanctity. Without, fierce bands were engaged in deathly fight—nothing was heard but the clash of arms, the thunder of cannon, the shouts of the victorious, the groans of the dying. Within, holy men were celebrating their religious rites, undisturbed by the terrible struggle around them, and apparently unconscious of it; tapers shone from every pillar; the atmosphere was heavy with incense; and the choral hymn mingled with the scarce-heard roar of cannon. Mary was so affected by the scene, that for the first time she appeared moved. Her bosom heaved, and a tear started to her eye.

"How peaceful is the holy place," she observed to Gardiner, "and what a contrast it presents to the scene we have just quitted! I could almost wish that Heaven had destined me to the cloister instead of the throne, that I might pass my days in the exercise of my religion."

"Heaven has destined you to be the restorer and defender of our religion, madam," replied Gardiner. "Had you not been called to the high station you occupy, the Catholic worship, so long discontinued in these holy walls, would not now be celebrated. To you we owe its restoration;—to you we must owe its continuance."

As Mary advanced to the altar, the anthem ceased, and silence prevailed throughout the sacred structure. Prostrating herself, she prayed for a few moments fervently, and in an audible voice. She then arose, and observed to Gardiner, "I feel so much comforted, that I am assured Heaven will support me and our holy religion."

As she spoke, solemn music resounded through the chapel, the anthem was again chanted, and the priests resumed their holy rites. With a heart strengthened and elated, Mary ascended the staircase behind the altar, and passing through the gallery

proceeded to the council-chamber, where she was informed that Xit, having captured a prisoner of importance, waited without to ascertain her pleasure concerning him. Mary ordered the dwarf to be brought into her presence with his captive, and in a few moments he was introduced with Bret, who was guarded by a couple of halberdiers.

On no previous occasion had Xit exhibited so much consequence as the present, and his accoutrements and fantastically-plumed casque added to his ludicrous appearance. He advanced slowly and majestically towards the chair of state in which Mary was seated, ever and anon turning his head to see that Bret was close behind him, and when within a short distance of the royal person, he made a profound salutation. Unluckily, in doing so, his helmet fell from his head, and rolled to the queen's feet. Slightly discomposed by the accident, and still more by Mary's frowns, he picked up his helmet, and stammered forth,—

"I am come to inform your highness that I have taken a prisoner—taken him with my own hands"—

"Who is it?" interrupted Mary, glancing sternly at the captive, who remained with his arms folded upon his breast, and his eyes cast upon the floor. "Who is it?" she asked, in an imperious tone.

"The arch-traitor Bret," answered Xit,—“the captain of the London Trained Bands, who revolted from the Duke of Norfolk, and joined the rebels at Rochester.”

"Bret!" ejaculated Mary, in a tone that made Xit recoil several steps with fright, while the prisoner himself looked up. "Aha! is the traitor then within our power? Take him without, and let the headsman deal with him."

"Your highness!" cried Bret, prostrating himself.

"Away with him!" interrupted Mary. "Do you, my lord," she added, to Gardiner, "see that my commands are obeyed."

The prisoner was accordingly removed, and Xit, who was completely awed by the queen's furious looks, was about to slink off, when she commanded him to remain.

"Stay!" she cried. "I have promised on my queenly word, that whoso brought this traitor Bret to me, should have whatever he demanded. Art thou in good truth his captor? Take heed thou triflest not with me. I am in no mood for jesting."

"So I perceive, gracious madam," replied Xit. "But I swear to you, I took him with my own hand, in fair and open combat. My companion Magog, if he survives the fray, will vouch for the truth of my statement—nay, Bret himself will not gainsay it."

"Bret will gainsay little more," rejoined Mary sternly; "his brain will contrive no further treason against us, nor his tongue give utterance to it. But I believe thee—the rather that I am persuaded thou darest not deceive me. Make thy request—it is granted."

"If I dared to raise my hopes so high," said Xit, bashfully
"What means the knave?" cried Mary. "I have said the request shall be granted."

"Whatever I ask?" inquired Xit.

"Whatever thou mayest ask in reason, sirrah!" returned Mary, somewhat perplexed.

"Well, then," replied Xit, "I should have claimed a dukedom. But as your highness might possibly think the demand unreasonable, I will limit myself to knighthood."

In spite of herself, Mary could not repress a smile at the dwarf's extravagant request, and the terms in which it was couched.

"I have made many efforts to obtain this distinction," pursued Xit,—“and for a while unsuccessfully. But fortune, or rather my bravery, has at length favoured me. I desire knighthood at your Majesty's hands.”

"Thou shalt have it," replied Mary; "and it will be a lesson to me to make no rash promises in future. Hereafter, when affairs are settled, thou wilt not fail to remind me of my promise."

"Your highness may depend upon it, I will not fail to do so," replied Xit, bowing and retiring. "Huzza!" he cried, as soon as he gained the antechamber. "Huzza!" he repeated, skipping in the air, and cutting as many capers as his armour would allow him, "at length, I have reached the height of my ambition. I shall be knighted. The queen has promised it. Aha! my three noble giants, I am now a taller man than any of you. My lofty title will make up for my want of stature. Sir Xit!—that does not sound well. I must change my name for one more euphonious, or at least find out my surname. Who am I? It is strange I never thought of tracing out my history before. I feel I am of illustrious origin. I must clear up this point before I am knighted. Stand aside, base grooms," he continued to the grinning and jeering attendants, "and let me pass."

While pushing through them, a sudden bustle was heard behind, and he was very unceremoniously thrust back by Simon Renard, who was conducting Dudley to the queen's presence.

"Another prisoner!" exclaimed Xit. "I wonder what Renard will get for his pains. If I could but take Wyat, my fortune were indeed made. First, I will go and see what has become of Bret; and then, if I can do so without much risk, I will venture outside the portcullis of the By-ward Tower. Who knows but I may come in for another good thing!"

Thus communing with himself, Xit went in search of the unfortunate captain of the Trained Bands, while Renard entered the council-chamber with Dudley. The latter, though faint from loss of blood, on finding himself in the queen's presence, exerted all his strength, and stood erect and unsupported.

"So far your highness is victorious," said Renard; "one

of the rebel-leaders is in your power, and ere long all will be so. Will it please you to question him—or shall I bid Mauger take off his head at once?"

"Let me reflect a moment," replied Mary, thoughtfully. "He shall die," she added, after a pause; "but not yet."

"It were better to behead him now," rejoined Renard.

"I do not think so," replied Mary. "Let him be removed to some place of safe confinement—the dungeon beneath Saint John's Chapel."

"The only grace I ask from your highness is speedy death," said Dudley.

"Therefore I will not grant it," replied Mary. "No, traitor! you shall perish with your wife."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dudley, "I have destroyed her."

And as the words were pronounced, he reeled backwards, and would have fallen, if the attendants had not caught him.

"Your Majesty has spared Mauger a labour," observed Renard, sarcastically.

"He is not dead," replied Mary; "and if he were so, it would not grieve me. Remove him; and do with him as I have commanded."

Her injunctions were obeyed, and the inanimate body of Dudley was carried away.

Renard was proceeding to inform the queen that the insurgents had been driven from the Brass Mount, when a messenger arrived, with tidings that another success had been gained—Sir Henry Jerningham having encountered the detachment under the Duke of Suffolk, and driven them back to their vessels, was about to assist the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Henry Bedingfeld in a sally upon Sir Thomas Wyatt's party. This news so enchanted Mary, that she took a valuable ring from her finger and presented it to the messenger, saying—"I will double thy fee, good fellow, if thou wilt bring me word that Wyatt is slain, and his traitorous band utterly routed."

Scarcely had the messenger departed, when another appeared. He brought word that several vessels had arrived off the Tower, and attacked the squadron under the command of Admiral Winter; that all the vessels, with the exception of one, on board which the Duke of Suffolk had taken refuge, had struck; and that her majesty might now feel assured of a speedy conquest. At this news, Mary immediately fell on her knees, and cried—"I thank thee, O Lord! not that thou hast vouchsafed me a victory over my enemies, but that thou hast enabled me to triumph over thine."

"The next tidings your highness receives will be that the siege is raised," observed Renard, as the queen arose; "and, with your permission, I will be the messenger to bring it."

"Be it so," replied Mary. "I would now gladly be alone."

As Renard issued from the principal entrance of the White

Tower, and was about to cross the Green, he perceived a small group collected before Saint Peter's Chapel, and at once guessing its meaning, he hastened towards it. It was just beginning to grow light, and objects could be imperfectly distinguished. As Renard drew nigh, he perceived a circle formed round a soldier whose breast-plate, doublet, and ruff had been removed, and who was kneeling with his arms crossed upon his breast beside a billet of wood. Near him, on the left, stood Mauger, with his axe upon his shoulder, and on the right, Gardiner holding a crucifix towards him, and earnestly entreating him to die in the faith of Rome; promising him, in case of compliance, a complete remission of his sins. Bret, for he it was, made no answer, but appeared, from the convulsive movement of his lips, to be muttering a prayer. Out of patience, at length Gardiner gave the signal to Mauger, and the latter motioned the rebel captain to lay his head upon the piece of timber. The practised executioner performed his task with so much celerity that a minute had not elapsed before the head was stricken from the body, and placed on the point of a spear. While the apparatus of death and the blood-streaming trunk were removed, Xit, who was one of the spectators, seized the spear with its grisly burden, and, bending beneath the load, bore it towards the By-ward Tower. A man-at-arms preceded him, shouting in a loud voice, "Thus perish all traitors."

Having seen this punishment inflicted, Renard hastened towards the By-ward Tower, and avoiding the concourse that flocked round Xit and his sanguinary trophy, took a shorter cut, and arrived there before them. He found Pembroke and Bedingfeld, as the messenger had stated, prepared with a large force to make a sally upon the insurgents. The signal was given by renewed firing from the roof and loopholes of the Middle Tower. Wyat, who had retired under the gateway of that fortification, and had drawn up his men in the open space behind it, now advanced at their head to the attack. At this moment, the portcullis of the By-ward Tower was again raised, and the royalists issued from it. Foremost among them were the giants. The meeting of the two hosts took place in the centre of the bridge, and the shock was tremendous. For a short time, the result appeared doubtful. But the superior numbers, better arms, and discipline, of the queen's party, soon made it evident on which side victory would incline.

If conquest could have been obtained by personal bravery, Wyat would have been triumphant. Wherever the battle raged most fiercely he was to be found. He sought out Bedingfeld, and failing in reaching him, cut his way to the Earl of Pembroke, whom he engaged and would have slain, if Og had not driven him off with his exterminating mace. The tremendous prowess of the gigantic brethren, indeed, contributed in no slight degree to the speedy termination of the fight. Their blows were resistless,

and struck such terror into their opponents, that a retreat was soon begun, which Wyat found it impossible to check. Gnashing his teeth with anger, and uttering ejaculations of rage, he was compelled to follow his flying forces. His anger was vented against Gog. He aimed a terrible blow at him, and cut through his partizan, but his sword shivered against his morion. A momentary rally was attempted in the court between the Lion's Gate and the Bulwark Gate; but the insurgents were speedily driven out. On reaching Tower Hill, Wyat succeeded in checking them; and though he could not compel them to maintain their ground, he endeavoured, with a faithful band, to cover the retreat of the main body to London Bridge. Perceiving his aim, Pembroke sent off a detachment under Bedingfeld, by Tower-street, to intercept the front ranks while he attacked the rear. But Wyat beat off his assailants, made a rapid retreat down Thames-street, and after a skirmish with Bedingfeld at the entrance of the bridge, in which he gained a decided advantage, contrived to get his troops safely across it, with much less loss than might have been anticipated. Nor was this all. He destroyed the planks which had afforded him passage, and took his measures so well and so expeditiously on the Southwark side, that Pembroke hesitated to cross the bridge and attack him.

The Tower, however, was delivered from its assailants. The three giants pursued the flying foe to the Bulwark Gate, and then returned to the Middle Tower, which was yet occupied by a number of Wyat's party, and summoned them to surrender. The command was refused, unless accompanied by a pardon. The giants said nothing more, but glanced significantly at each other. Magog seized a ram, which had been left by the assailants, and dashed it against the door on the left of the gateway. A few tremendous blows sufficed to burst it open. Finding no one within the lower chamber, they ascended the winding stone staircase, their progress up which was opposed, but ineffectually, by the insurgents. Magog pushed forward like a huge bull, driving his foes from step to step till they reached the roof, where a short but furious encounter took place. The gigantic brethren fought back to back, and committed such devastation among their foes, that those who were left alive threw down their arms, and begged for quarter. Disregarding their entreaties, the giants hurled them over the battlements. Some were drowned in the moat, while others were dashed to pieces in the court below.

"It is thus," observed Magog with a grim smile to his brethren, as the work of destruction was ended, "that the sons of the Tower avenge the insults offered to their parent."

On descending, they found Xit stationed in the centre of the bridge, carrying the spear with Bret's head upon it. The dwarf eagerly inquired whether they had taken Wyat; and being answered in the negative, expressed his satisfaction.

"The achievement is reserved for me," he cried; "no more

laughter, my masters,—no more familiarity. I am about to receive knighthood from the queen." This announcement, however, so far from checking the merriment of the giants, increased it to such a degree, that the irascible mannikin dashed the gory head in their faces, and would have attacked them with the spear, if they had not disarmed him.

By this time, Sir Henry Bedingfeld had returned from the pursuit of the rebels. Many prisoners had been taken, and conveyed, by his directions, to a secure part of the fortress. Exerting himself to the utmost, and employing a large body of men in the work, the damages done to the different defences of the fortress were speedily repaired, the bodies of the slain thrown into the river, and all rendered as secure as before. The crews on board Winter's squadron had surrendered; but their commander, together with the Duke of Suffolk, had escaped, having been put ashore in a small boat. Conceiving all lost, and completely panic-stricken, the Duke obtained horses for himself and a few companions, and riding to Shene, where he had appointed a meeting with his brother, Lord Thomas Grey, set off with him, at full speed, for Coventry, the inhabitants of which city he imagined were devoted to him. But he soon found out his error. Abandoned by his adherents, and betrayed into the hands of the Earl of Huntingdon, who had been sent after him, he was shortly afterwards brought a prisoner to the Tower.

Not to anticipate events, such was the expedition used, that in less than an hour, Bedingfeld conveyed to the queen the intelligence that all damage done by the besiegers was repaired, and that her loss had been trifling compared with that of her enemies. He found her surrounded by her nobles; and on his appearance she arose, and advanced a few steps to meet him.

"You have discharged your office right well, Sir Henry," she said; "and if we deprive you of it for a while, it is because we mean to intrust you with a post of yet greater importance."

"Whatever office your majesty may intrust me with, I will gladly accept it," replied Bedingfeld.

"It is our pleasure, then, that you set out instantly with the Earl of Sussex to Ashbridge," returned Mary, "and attach the person of the Princess Elizabeth. Here is your warrant. Bring her alive or dead."

"Alas!" exclaimed Bedingfeld, "is this the task your highness has reserved for me?"

"It is," replied Mary; and she added in a lower tone, "you are the only man to whom I could confide it."

"I must perforce obey, since your majesty wills it—but—"

"You must set out at once," interrupted Mary—"Sir Thomas Brydges shall be lieutenant of the Tower in your stead. We reserve you for greater dignities."

Bedingfeld would have remonstrated, but seeing the queen was immovable, he signified his compliance, and having received

further instructions, quitted the presence to make preparations for his departure.

The last efforts of the insurgents must be briefly told. After allowing his men a few hours' rest, Wyatt made a forced march to Kingston, and hastily repairing the bridge, which had been broken down, with planks, ladders, and beams tied together, passed over it with his ordnance and troops in safety, and proceeded towards London. In consequence of a delay that occurred on the road, his plan was discovered, and the Earl of Pembroke, having by this time collected a considerable army, drew up his forces in Saint James's fields to give him battle.

A desperate skirmish took place, in which the insurgents, disheartened by their previous defeat, were speedily worsted. Another detachment, under the command of Knevet, were met and dispersed at Charing Cross, by Sir Henry Jerningham, and would have been utterly destroyed, but that they could not be distinguished from the royalists, except by their muddy apparel, which occasioned the cry among the victors of "Down with the draggle-tails."

Wyat himself, who was bent upon entering the city, where he expected to meet with great aid from Throckmorton, dashed through all opposition, and rode as far as the Belle Sauvage (even then a noted hostel), near Ludgate. Finding the gate shut, and strongly defended, he rode back as quickly as he came to Temple Bar, where he was encountered by Sir Maurice Berkeley, who summoned him to surrender, and seeing it was useless to struggle further, for all his companions had deserted him, he complied. His captor carried him to the Earl of Pembroke; and as soon as it was known that the rebel-leader was taken, the army was disbanded, and every man ordered to return to his home. Proclamation was next made that no one, on pain of death, should harbour any of Wyatt's faction, but should instantly deliver them up to the authorities.

That same night Wyatt, together with Knevet, Cobham, and others of his captains, were taken to the Tower by water. As Wyatt, who was the last to disembark, ascended the steps of Traitor's Gate, Sir Henry Brydges, the new lieutenant, seized him by the collar, crying, "Oh! thou base and unhappy traitor! how could'st thou find in thy heart to work such detestable treason against the queen's majesty? Were it not that the law must pass upon thee, I would stab thee with my dagger."

Holding his arms to his side, and looking at him, as the old chroniclers report, "grievously, with a grim look," Wyatt answered, "It is no mastery now." Upon which, he was conveyed with the others to the Beauchamp Tower.

XXXI.—HOW JANE SURRENDERED HERSELF A PRISONER; AND HOW SHE BESOUGHT QUEEN MARY TO SPARE HER HUSBAND.

TOWARDS the close of the day following that on which the rebels were defeated, a boat, rowed by a single waterman, shot London Bridge, and swiftly approached the Tower wharf. It contained two persons, one of whom, apparently a female, was so closely muffled in a cloak that her features could not be discerned; while her companion, a youthful soldier, equipped in his full accoutrements, whose noble features were clouded with sorrow, made no attempt at concealment. As they drew near the stairs, evidently intending to disembark, the sentinels presented their arquebusses at them, and ordered them to keep off; but the young man immediately arose, and said that having been concerned in the late insurrection, they were come to submit themselves to the queen's mercy. This declaration excited some surprise among the soldiers, who were inclined to discredit it, and would not have suffered them to land, if an officer of the guard, attracted by what was passing, had not interfered, and granted the request. By his command, they were taken across the draw-bridge opposite the stairs, and placed within the guard-room near the By-ward Tower. Here the officer who had accompanied them demanded their names and condition, in order to report them to the lieutenant.

"I am called Cuthbert Cholmondeley," replied the young man, "somewhat esquire to Lord Guilford Dudley."

"You bore that rebel lord's standard in the attack on the Brass Mount—did you not?" demanded the officer, sternly.

"I did," replied Cholmondeley.

"Then you have delivered yourself to certain death, young man," rejoined the officer. "What madness has brought you hither? The queen will show you no mercy, and blood enough will flow upon the scaffold without yours being added to the stream."

"I desire only to die with my master," replied Cholmondeley.

"Where is Lord Guilford Dudley?" demanded the muffled female, in a tone of the deepest emotion.

"Confined in one of the secret dungeons—but I may not answer you further, madam," replied the officer.

"Are his wounds dangerous?" she continued, in a tone of the deepest anxiety.

"They are not mortal, madam," he answered. "He will live long enough to expiate his offences on the scaffold."

"Ah!" she exclaimed with difficulty, repressing a scream.

"No more of this—if you are a man," cried Cholmondeley, fiercely. "You know not whom you address."

"I partly guess," replied the officer, with a compassionate look. "I respect your sorrows, noble lady—but oh! why—why are you here? I would willingly serve you—nay, save you—but it is out of my power."

"My presence here must show you, sir, that I have no wish

to avoid the punishment I have incurred," she replied. "I am come to submit myself to the queen. But if you would serve me—serve me without danger to yourself, or departure from your duty—you will convey this letter without delay to her highness's own hand."

"It may be matter of difficulty," rejoined the officer, "for her majesty is at this moment engaged in a secret conference in the Hall Tower, with the chancellor and the Spanish ambassador. Nay, though I would not further wound your feelings, madam, she is about to sign the death-warrants of the rebels."

"The more reason, then," she replied, in accents of supplicating eagerness, "that it should be delivered instantly. Will you take it?"

The officer replied in the affirmative.

"Heaven's blessing upon you!" she fervently ejaculated.

Committing the captives to the guard, and desiring that every attention, consistent with their situation, should be shown them, the officer departed. Half an hour elapsed before his return, and during the interval but few words were exchanged between Cholmondeley and his companion. When the officer reappeared, she rushed towards him, and inquired what answer he brought.

"Your request is granted, madam," he replied. "I am commanded to bring you to the queen's presence; and may your suit to her highness prove as successful as your letter! You are to be delivered to the chief jailor, sir," he added to Cholmondeley, "and placed in close custody."

As he spoke, Nightgall entered the guard-room. At the sight of his hated rival, an angry flush rose to the esquire's countenance—nor was his wrath diminished by the other's exulting looks.

"You will not have much further power over me," he observed, in answer to the jailor's taunts. "Cicely, like Alexia, is out of the reach of your malice. And I shall speedily join them."

"You are mistaken," retorted Nightgall, bitterly. "Cicely yet lives; and I will wed her on the day of your execution. Bring him away," he added, to his assistants. "I shall take him, in the first place, to the torture-chamber, and thence to the subterranean dungeons. I have an order to rack him."

"Farewell, madam," said the esquire, turning from him, and prostrating himself before his companion, who appeared in the deepest anguish; "we shall meet no more on earth."

"I have destroyed you," she cried. "But for your devotion to me, you might be now in safety."

"Think not of me, madam—I have nothing to live for," replied the esquire, pressing her hand to his lips. "Heaven support you in this your last, and greatest, and—as I can bear witness—most unmerited trial. Farewell, for ever!"

"Ay, for ever!" repeated the lady. And she followed the officer; while Cholmondeley was conveyed by Nightgall and his assistants to the secret entrance of the subterranean dungeons near the Devilin Tower.

Accompanied by his charge, who was guarded by two halberdiers, the officer proceeded along the southern ward, in the direction of the Hall Tower—a vast circular structure, standing on the east of Bloody Tower. This fabric, (sometimes called the Wakefield Tower from the prisoners confined within it, after the battle of that name in 1460, and more recently the Record Tower, from the use to which it has been put,) is one of the oldest in the fortress, and though not coeval with the White Tower, dates back as far as the reign of William Rufus, by whom it was erected. It contains two large octagonal chambers, —that on the upper story being extremely lofty, with eight deep and high embrasures, surmounted by pointed arches, and sepa-



INTERIOR OF THE HALL TOWER.

rated by thin columns, springing from the groined arches formerly supporting the ceiling, which though unfortunately destroyed, corresponded, no doubt, with the massive and majestic character of the apartment. In this room tradition asserts that

—the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sank in the ground:—

—it being the supposed scene of the murder of Henry the Sixth by the ruthless Gloster. And whatever doubts may be entertained as to the truth of that dark legend, it cannot be denied that the chamber itself seems stamped with the gloomy character of the occurrence. In recent times, it has been devoted to a more peaceful purpose, and is now fitted up with presses containing the most ancient records of the kingdom. The room on the basement floor is of smaller dimensions, and much less lofty. The recesses, however, are equally deep, though not so high, and are headed by semicircular arches. At high tides it is flooded, and a contrivance for the escape of the water has been made in the floor.

Passing through an arched doorway on the east of this structure, where the entrance to the Record Office now stands, the officer conducted his prisoner up a spiral stone staircase, and left her in a small antechamber, while he announced her arrival. The unhappy lady still kept herself closely muffled. But though her features and figure were hidden, it was evident she trembled violently. In another moment, the officer reappeared, and motioning her to follow him, led the way along a narrow passage, at the end of which hangings were drawn aside by two ushers, and she found herself in the presence of the queen.

Mary was seated at a table, near which stood Gardiner and Renard, and at the new-comer's appearance she instantly arose.

The interview about to be related took place in the large octangular chamber previously described. It was sumptuously furnished: the walls were hung with arras from the looms of Flanders, and the deep recesses occupied with couches, or side-boards loaded with costly cups and vessels.

Hastily advancing towards the queen, the lady prostrated herself at her feet, and, throwing aside her disguise, revealed the features of Jane. She extended her hands supplicatingly towards Mary, and fixed her streaming eyes upon her, but was for some moments unable to speak.

"I am come to submit myself to your highness's mercy," she said, as soon as she could find utterance.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mary, scornfully. "You shall receive justice, but no mercy."

"I neither deserve, nor desire it," replied Jane. "I have deeply, but not wilfully—Heaven is my witness!—offended your majesty, and I will willingly pay the penalty of my fault."

"What would you with me?" demanded Mary. "I have acceded to this interview in consideration of your voluntary submission. But be brief. I have important business before me, and my heart is steeled to tears and supplications."

"Say not so, gracious madam," rejoined Jane. "A woman's heart can never be closed to the pleadings of the unfortunate of her own sex, still less the heart of one so compassionate as your highness. I do not sue for myself."

"For whom, then?" demanded the queen.

"For my husband," replied Jane.

"I am about to sign his death-warrant," replied Mary, in a freezing tone.

"I will not attempt to exculpate him, madam," returned Jane, restraining her emotion by a powerful effort, "for his offence cannot be extenuated. Nay, I deplore his rashness as much as your highness can condemn it. But I am well assured that vindictiveness is no part of your royal nature—that you disdain to crush a fallen foe—and that, when the purposes of justice are answered, no sentiments but those of clemency will sway your bosom. I myself, contrary to my own wishes, have been the pretext for the late insurrection, and it is right I should suffer, because while my life remains, your highness may not feel secure. But my husband has no claims, pretended or otherwise, to the throne, and when I am removed, all fear of him will be at an end. Let what I have done speak my sincerity. I *could* have escaped to France, if I had chosen. But I did not choose to accept safety on such terms. Well knowing with whom I had to deal—knowing also that my life is of more importance than my husband's, I have come to offer myself for him. If your highness has any pity for me, extend it to him, and heap his faults on my head."

"Jane," said Mary, much moved—"you love your husband devotedly."

"I need not say I love him better than my life, madam," replied Jane, "for my present conduct will prove that I do so. But I love him so well, that even his treason to your highness, to whom he already owes his life, cannot shake it. Oh, madam! as you hope to be happy in your union with the Prince of Spain—as you trust to be blessed with a progeny which shall continue on the throne of this kingdom—spare my husband—spare him for my sake."

"For *your* sake, Jane, I would spare him," replied Mary, in a tone of great emotion, "but I cannot."

"Cannot, madam!" cried Jane—"you are an absolute queen, and who shall say you nay? Not your council—not your nobles—not your people—not your own heart. Your majesty *can* and *will* pardon him. Nay, I read your gracious purpose in your looks. You will pardon him, and your clemency shall do more to strengthen your authority than the utmost severity could do."

"By Saint Paul!" whispered Renard to Gardiner, who had listened with great interest to the conference, and now saw with apprehension the effect produced on Mary, "she will gain her point, if we do not interfere."

"Leave it to me," replied Gardiner. "Your majesty will do well to accede to the Lady Jane's request," he remarked aloud to the queen, "provided she will comply with your former proposition, and embrace the faith of Rome."

"Ay," replied Mary, her features suddenly lighting up, "on

these terms I will spare him. But your reconciliation with our holy church," she added to Jane, "must be public."

"Your highness will not impose these fatal conditions upon me?" cried Jane, distractedly.

"On no other will I accede," replied Mary, peremptorily.

"Nay, I have gone too far already. But my strong sympathy for you as a wife, and my zeal for my religion, are my inducements. Embrace our faith, and I pardon your husband."

"I cannot," replied Jane, in accents of despair; "I will die for him, but I cannot destroy my soul alive."

"Then you shall perish together," replied Mary, fiercely.

"What ho! guards. Let the Lady Grey be conveyed to the Brick Tower, and kept a close prisoner during our pleasure."

And, waving her hand, Jane was removed by the attendants, while Mary seated herself at the table, and took up some of the papers with which it was strewn, to conceal her agitation.

"You struck the right key, my lord,—bigotry," observed Renard, in an under tone to Gardiner.

XXXII.—HOW THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAS BROUGHT A PRISONER TO THE TOWER.

CHARGED with the painful and highly-responsible commission imposed upon him by the queen, Sir Henry Bedingfeld, accompanied by the Earl of Sussex and three others of the council, Sir Richard Southwell, Sir Edward Hastings, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, with a large retinue, and a troop of two hundred and fifty horse, set out for Ashbridge, where Elizabeth had shut herself up previously to the outbreak of Wyatt's insurrection. On their arrival, they found her confined to her room with real or feigned indisposition, and she refused to appear; but as their mission did not admit of delay, they were compelled to force their way to her chamber. The haughty princess, whose indignation was roused to the highest pitch by the freedom, received them in such manner as to leave no doubt how she would sway the reins of government, if they should ever come within her grasp.

"I am guiltless of all design against my sister," she said, "and I shall easily convince her of my innocence. And then look well, sirs—you that have abused her authority—that I requite not your scandalous treatment."

"I would have willingly declined the office," replied Bedingfeld; "but the queen was peremptory. It will rejoice me to find you can clear yourself with her highness, and I am right well assured, when you think calmly of the matter, you will acquit me and my companions of blame."

And he formed no erroneous estimate of Elizabeth's character. With all her proneness to anger, she had the strongest sense of justice. Soon after her accession, she visited the old knight at his seat, Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk—still in the posses-

sion of his lineal descendant, the present Sir Henry Bedingfeld, and one of the noblest mansions in the county,—and, notwithstanding his adherence to the ancient faith, manifested the utmost regard for him, playfully terming him “her jailor.”

Early the next morning, Elizabeth was placed in a litter, with her female attendants; and whether from the violence of her passion, or that she had not exaggerated her condition, she swooned, and on her recovery appeared so weak that they were obliged to proceed slowly. During the whole of the journey, which occupied five days, though it might have been easily accomplished in one, she was strictly guarded;—the greatest apprehension being entertained of an attempt at rescue by some of her party. On the last day, she robed herself in white, in token of her innocence; and on her way to Whitehall, where the queen was staying, she drew aside the curtains of her litter, and displayed a countenance, described in Renard’s despatches to the Emperor, as “proud, lofty, and superbly disdainful,—an expression assumed to disguise her mortification.” On her arrival at the palace, she earnestly entreated an audience of her majesty, but the request was refused.

That night Elizabeth underwent a rigorous examination by Gardiner and nineteen of the council, touching her privy to the conspiracy of De Noailles, and her suspected correspondence with Wyatt. She admitted having received letters from the French ambassador on behalf of Courtenay, for whom, notwithstanding his unworthy conduct, she still owned she entertained the warmest affection, but denied any participation in his treasonable practices, and expressed the utmost abhorrence of Wyatt’s proceedings. Her assertions, though stoutly delivered, did not convince her interrogators, and Gardiner told her that Wyatt had confessed on the rack that he had written to her, and received an answer.

“Ah! says the traitor so?” cried Elizabeth. “Confront me with him, and if he will affirm as much to my face, I will own myself guilty.”

“The Earl of Devonshire has likewise confessed, and has offered to resign all pretensions to your hand, and to go into exile, provided the queen will spare his life,” rejoined Gardiner.

“Courtenay faithless!” exclaimed the princess, all her haughtiness vanishing, and her head declining upon her bosom, “then it is time I went to the Tower. You may spare yourselves the trouble of questioning me further, my lords, for by my faith I will not answer you another word—no, not even if you employ the rack.”

Upon this, the council departed. Strict watch was kept over her during the night. Above a hundred of the guard were stationed within the palace-gardens, and a great fire was lighted in the hall, before which Sir Henry Bedingfeld and the Earl of Sussex, with a large band of armed men, remained till day-break. At nine o’clock, word was brought to the princess that the tide suited for her conveyance to the Tower. It was raining heavily,

and Elizabeth refused to stir forth on the score of her indisposition. But Bedingfeld told her the queen's commands were peremptory, and besought her not to compel him to use force. Seeing resistance was in vain, she consented with an ill grace, and as she passed through the garden to the water-side, she cast her eyes towards the windows of the palace, in the hope of seeing Mary, but was disappointed.

The rain continued during the whole of her passage, and the appearance of every thing on the river was as dismal and depressing as her own thoughts. But Elizabeth was not of a nature to be easily subdued. Rousing all her latent energy, she bore up firmly against her distress. An accident had well nigh occurred as they shot London Bridge. She had delayed her departure so long that the fall was considerable, and the prow of the boat struck upon the ground with such force as almost to upset it, and it was some time before it righted. Elizabeth was wholly unmoved by their perilous situation, and only remarked that "She would that the torrent had sunk them." Terrible as the stern old fortress appeared to those who approached it under similar circumstances, to Elizabeth it assumed its most appalling aspect. Gloomy at all times, it looked gloomier than usual now, with the rain driving against it in heavy scuds, and the wind, whistling round its ramparts and fortifications, making the flag-staff and the vanes on the White Tower creak, and chilling the sentinels exposed to its fury to the bone. The storm agitated the river, and the waves more than once washed over the sides of the boat.

"You are not making for Traitor's Gate," cried Elizabeth, seeing that the skiff was steered in that direction; "it is not fit that the daughter of Henry the Eighth should land at those steps."

"Such are the queen's commands," replied Bedingfeld, sorrowfully. "I dare not for my head disobey."

"I will leap overboard sooner," rejoined Elizabeth.

"I pray your highness to have patience," returned Bedingfeld, restraining her. "It would be unworthy of you—of your great father, to take so desperate a step."

Elizabeth compressed her lips and looked sternly at the old knight, who made a sign to the rowers to use their utmost despatch; and, in another moment, they shot beneath the gloomy gateway. The awful effect of passing under this dreadful arch has already been described, and Elizabeth, though she concealed her emotion, experienced its full horrors. The Water-gate revolved on its massive hinges, and the boat struck against the foot of the steps. Sussex and Bedingfeld, and the rest of the guard and her attendants, then landed, while Sir Thomas Brydges, the new lieutenant, with several warders, advanced to the top of the steps to receive her. But she would not move, but continued obstinately in the boat, saying, "I am no traitor, and do not choose to land here."

"You shall *not* choose, madam," replied Bedingfeld, authoritatively. "The queen's orders must, and *shall* be obeyed. Disembark, I pray you, without more ado, or it will go hardly with you."

"This from you, Bedingfeld," rejoined Elizabeth, reproachfully, "and at such a time, too?"

"I have no alternative," replied the knight.

"Well then, I will not put you to further shame," replied the princess, rising.

"Will it please you to take my cloak as a protection against the rain?" said Bedingfeld, offering it to her. But she pushed it aside "with a good dash," as old Fox relates; and springing on the steps, cried in a loud voice, "Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever set foot on these stairs. And before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but thee."

"Your highness is unjust," replied Bedingfeld, who stood bare-headed beside her; "you have many friends, and amongst them none more zealous than myself. And if I counsel you to place some restraint upon your conduct, it is because I am afraid it may be disadvantageously reported to the queen."

"Say what you please of me, sir," replied Elizabeth; "I will not be told how I am to act by you, or any one."

"At least move forward, madam," implored Bedingfeld; "you will be drenched to the skin if you tarry here longer, and will fearfully increase your fever."

"What matters it if I do?" replied Elizabeth, seating herself on the damp step, while the shower descended in torrents upon her. "I will move forward at my own pleasure—not at your bidding. And let us see whether you will dare to use force towards me."

"Nay, madam, if you forget yourself, I will not forget what is due to your father's daughter," replied Bedingfeld, "you shall have ample time for reflection."

The deeply-commiserating and almost paternal tone in which this reproof was delivered touched the princess sensibly; and glancing round, she was further moved by the mournful looks of her attendants, many of whom were deeply affected, and wept audibly. As soon as her better feelings conquered, she immediately yielded to them; and, presenting her hand to the old knight, said,

"You are right, and I am wrong, Bedingfeld. Take me to my dungeon."

XXXIII.—HOW NIGHTGALL WAS BRIBED BY DE NOAILLES TO ASSASSINATE SIMON RENARD; AND HOW JANE'S DEATH-WARRANT WAS SIGNED.

THE Tower was now thronged with illustrious prisoners. All the principal personages concerned in the late rebellion, with the exception of Sir Peter Carew, who had escaped to France, were

confined within its walls ; and the queen and her council were unremittingly employed in their examinations. The Duke of Suffolk had written and subscribed his confession, throwing himself upon the royal mercy ; Lord Guilford Dudley, who was slowly recovering from his wound, refused to answer any interrogatories ; while Sir Thomas Wyatt, whose constancy was shaken by the severity of the torture to which he was exposed, admitted his treasonable correspondence with Elizabeth and Courtenay, and charged De Noailles with being the originator of the plot. The latter was likewise a prisoner. But as it was not the policy of England, at that period, to engage in a war with France, he was merely placed under personal restraint until an answer could be received from Henry the Second, to whom letters had been sent by Mary.

Well instructed as to the purport of these despatches, and confident of his sovereign's protection, De Noailles felt little uneasiness as to his situation, and did not even despair of righting himself by some master-stroke. His grand object was to remove Renard ; and as he could not now accomplish this by fair means, he determined to have recourse to foul ; and to procure his assassination. Confined, with certain of his suite, within the Flint Tower, he was allowed, at stated times, to take exercise on the Green, and in other parts of the fortress, care being taken to prevent him from holding communication with the other prisoners, or, indeed, with any one except his attendants. De Noailles, however, had a ready and unsuspected instrument at hand. This was his jailor, Lawrence Nightgall, with whom he had frequent opportunities of conversing, and whom he had already sounded on the subject. Thus, while every dungeon in the fortress was filled with the victims of his disastrous intrigues ; while its subterranean chambers echoed with the groans of the tortured ; while some expired upon the rack, others were secretly executed, and the public scaffold was prepared for sufferers of the highest rank ; while the axe and the block were destined to frequent and fearful employment, and the ensanguined ground thirsted for the best and purest blood in England ; while such was the number of captives that all the prisons in London were insufficient to contain them, and they were bestowed within the churches ; while twenty pairs of gallows were erected in the public places of the city, and the offenders with whom they were loaded left to rot upon them as a terrible example to the disaffected ; while universal dread and lamentation prevailed,—the known author of all this calamity remained, from prudential reasons, unpunished, and pursued his dark and dangerous machinations as before.

One night, when he was alone, Nightgall entered his chamber, and, closing the door, observed, with a mysterious look,—“ Your excellency has thrown out certain dark hints to me of late. You can speak safely now, and I pray you do so plainly. What do you desire me to do ?”

De Noailles looked scrutinizingly at him, as if he feared some

treachery. But at length, appearing satisfied, he said abruptly, "I desire Renard's assassination. His destruction is of the utmost importance to my king."

"It is a great crime," observed Nightgall, musingly.

"The reward will be proportionate," rejoined De Noailles.

"What does your excellency offer?" asked Nightgall.

"A thousand angels of gold," replied the ambassador, "and a post at the court of France, if you will fly thither when the deed is done."

"By my troth, a tempting offer," rejoined Nightgall. "But I am under great obligations to M. Simon Renard. He appointed me to my present place. It would appear ungrateful to kill him."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed De Noailles, contemptuously. "You are not the man to let such idle scruples stand in the way of your fortune. Renard only promoted you because you were useful to him. And he would sacrifice you as readily, if it suited his purpose. He will serve you better dead than living."

"It is a bargain," replied Nightgall. "I have the keys of the subterranean passages, and can easily get out of the Tower when I have despatched him. Your excellency can fly with me if you think proper."

"On no account," rejoined De Noailles. "I must not appear in the matter. Come to me when the deed is done, and I will furnish you with means for your flight, and with a letter to the king of France, which shall ensure you your reward when you reach Paris. But it must be done quickly."

"It shall be done to-morrow night," replied Nightgall.

"Fortunately, M. Renard has chosen for his lodgings the chamber in the Bloody Tower in which the two princes were murdered."

"A fitting spot for his own slaughter," remarked De Noailles, drily.

"It is so, in more ways than one," replied Nightgall; "for I can approach him unawares by a secret passage, through which, when all is over, escape will be easy."

"Good!" exclaimed De Noailles, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"I should like to be with you at the time. Mortdieu! how I hate that man. He has thwarted all my schemes. But I shall now have my revenge. Take this ring and this purse in earnest of what is to follow, and mind you strike home."

"Fear nothing," replied Nightgall, smiling grimly, and playing his dagger; "the blow shall not need to be repeated. Your excellency's plan chimes well with a project of my own. There is a maiden whom I have long sought, but vainly, to make my bride. I will carry her off with me to France."

"She will impede your flight," observed De Noailles, hastily.

"On all difficult occasions, women are sadly in the way."

"I cannot leave her," rejoined Nightgall.

"Take her, then, in the devil's name," rejoined De Noailles, peevishly; "and if she brings you to the gallows, do not forget my warning."

"My next visit shall be to tell you your enemy is no more," returned Nightgall. "Before midnight to-morrow, you may expect me." And he quitted the chamber.

While his destruction was planned in the manner above-related, Simon Renard was employing all his art to crush by one fell stroke all the heads of the Protestant party. But he met with opposition from quarters where he did not anticipate it. Though the queen was convinced of Elizabeth's participation in the plot, as well from Wyatt's confession, who owned that he had written to her during his march to London, offering to proclaim her queen, and had received favourable answers from her,—as from the declaration of a son of Lord Russell, to the effect, that he had delivered the despatches into her own hand, and brought back her replies;—notwithstanding this, Mary refused to pass sentence upon her, and affected to believe her innocent. Neither would she deal harshly with Courtenay, though equally satisfied of his guilt; and Renard, unable to penetrate her motives, began to apprehend that she still nourished a secret attachment to him. The truth was, the princess and her lover had a secret friend in Gardiner, who counteracted the sanguinary designs of the ambassador. Baffled in this manner, Renard determined to lose no time with the others. Already, by his agency, the Duke of Suffolk, Lord Thomas Grey, and Wyatt, were condemned—Dudley and Jane alone were wanting to the list.

Touched, by a strong feeling of compassion for their youth, and yet more by the devotion Jane had exhibited to her husband, Mary hesitated to sign their death-warrant. She listened to all Renard's arguments with attention, but they failed to move her. She could not bring herself to put a period to the existence of one whom she knew to be so pure, so lovely, so loving, so blameless, as Jane. But Renard was determined to carry his point.

"I will destroy them all," he said; "but I will begin with Dudley and Jane, and end with Courtenay and Elizabeth."

During the examination of the conspirators, the queen, though she had moved her court to Whitehall, passed much of her time at the Tower, occupied in reading the depositions of the prisoners, or in framing interrogatories to put to them. She also wrote frequent despatches to the emperor, whose counsel she asked in her present difficulties; and while thus occupied, she was often closeted for hours with Renard.

Whether by accident, or that the gloomy legend connected with it, harmonising with his own sombre thoughts, gave it an interest in his eyes, Renard had selected for his present lodging in the Tower, as intimated by Nightgall, the chamber in which the two youthful princes were destroyed. It might be that its contiguity to the Hall Tower, where Mary now for the most part held her conferences with her council, and with which it was connected by a secret passage, occasioned this selection—or he might have been influenced by other motives—suffice it to

say he there took up his abode; and was frequently visited within it by Mary. Occupying the upper story of the Bloody Tower, this mysterious chamber looks on the north upon the ascent leading to the Green, and on the south upon Saint Thomas's Tower. It is now divided into two rooms by a screen—that to the south being occupied as a bed-chamber; and tradition asserts, that in this part of the room the “piece of ruthless butchery,” which stamps it with such fearful interest, was perpetrated. On the same side, between the outer wall and



SOUTH SIDE OF THE ROOM IN WHICH THE YOUNG PRINCES WERE MURDERED.

the chamber, runs a narrow passage, communicating on the west with the ballium wall, and thence with the lieutenant's lodgings, by which the murderers are said to have approached; and in the inner partition is a window, through which they gazed upon their sleeping victims. On the east, the passage communicates with a circular staircase, descending to a small vaulted chamber at the right of the gateway, where the bodies were interred. In later times, this mysterious room has been used as a prison-lodging. It was occupied by Lord Ferrers during his confinement in the Tower, and more recently by the conspirators Watson and Thistlewood.

On the evening appointed by Nightgall for the assassination of Renard, the proposed victim and the queen were alone within

this chamber. The former had renewed all his arguments, and with greater force than ever, and seeing he had produced the desired impression, he placed before her the warrant for the execution of Jane and her husband.

"Your majesty will never wear your crown easily till you sign that paper," he said.

"I shall never wear it easily afterwards," sighed Mary. "Do you not remember Jane's words? She told me, I should be fortunate in my union, and my race should continue upon the throne, if I spared her husband. They seem to me prophetic. If I sign this warrant, I may destroy my own happiness."

"Your highness will be not turned from your purpose by such idle fears," rejoined Renard, in as sarcastic a tone as he dared assume. "Not only your throne may be endangered, if you suffer them to live, but the Catholic religion."

"True," replied Mary, "I will no longer hesitate."

And she attached her signature to the warrant.

Renard watched her with a look of such fiendish exultation, that an unseen person who gazed at the moment into the room, seeing a tall dark figure, dilated by the gloom, for it was deepen-



PASSAGE IN THE BLOODY TOWER BY WHICH THE MURDERERS APPROACHED.

ing twilight, and a countenance from which everything human was banished, thought he beheld a demon, and, fascinated by terror, could not withdraw his eyes. At the same moment, too, the queen's favourite dog, which was couched at her feet, and for a short time previously had been uttering a low growl, now broke into a fierce bark, and sprang towards the passage-window. Mary turned to ascertain the cause of the animal's disquietude, and perceived that it had stiffened in every joint, while its barking changed to a dismal howl. Not without misgiving, she glanced towards the window—and there, at the very place whence she had often heard that the murderers had gazed upon the slumbering innocents before the bloody deed was done—there, between those bars, she beheld a hideous black mask, through the holes of which glared a pair of flashing orbs.

Repressing a cry of alarm, she called Renard's attention to the object, when she was equally startled by his appearance. He seemed transfixed with horror, with his right hand extended towards the mysterious object, and clenched, while the left grasped his sword. Suddenly, he regained his consciousness, and drawing his rapier, dashed to the door,—but ere he could open it, the mask had disappeared. He hurried along the passage in the direction of the lieutenant's lodgings, when he encountered some one who appeared to be advancing towards him. Seizing this person by the throat and presenting his sword to his breast, he found from the voice that it was Nightgall.



NORTH SIDE OF THE ROOM IN WHICH THE PRINCES WERE MURDERED.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

PART I.

"This promises to be a very interesting work, and the idea is certainly a very happy one. The anecdotes and legendary lore associated with the Tower of London will afford Mr. Ainsworth an abundant harvest in the shape of materials. The plates by Cruikshank, satisfy us that this inimitable artist is capable of a more exalted order of art than he has hitherto attempted."—*United Service Gazette*.

"This is the commencement of another romance by the author of 'Rookwood,' which is to appear in monthly shilling numbers. The opening is auspicious; it leads us to augur a very different production from the author's last work. We shall have frequent occasion to notice it more at length on the appearance of further numbers. George Cruikshank's illustrations are alone worth more than the price of the number."—*Observer*.

"From the specimen before us we augur very favourably of this work; for the subject chosen affords a host of excellent material for the writer of romance, and Mr. Ainsworth is, we think, well suited to the task."—*Court Gazette*.

"We are glad to find Mr. Ainsworth exerting himself on a subject so far above those which have recently em-

ployed his powers. With the many romantic and eventful incidents of which the Tower of London has been the scene, his new production cannot fail in interest from lack of matter; and his own powers as a novelist, thus legitimately employed, will ensure to the public a work gratifying to them and every way creditable to himself."—

Argus.

"This is a new work from the powerful and prolific pen of the immortal author of Rookwood. We are exceedingly glad to see Mr. Ainsworth turning his great powers to subjects worthy of his genius, and in the vast stores of historical lore which the Tower of London possesses, we have no doubt that he will find ample materials for a work of interest, as exciting as it will be legitimate. Nothing can exceed the interest which pervades the whole of the first number; the scenes are highly effective and dramatic, and the story advances with a degree of force which proclaims the coming popularity which must attend such a subject so handled."—*Ex. Western Times*.

"The illustrations by Cruikshank are highly characteristic."—*Birmingham Advertiser*.

"We are glad to find the able pen of Mr. Ainsworth now employed upon a subject historically worthy of it; and we also mark with pleasure the manner in which he has commenced his story."—*Age*.

"The Tower of London!" What mines of history and what fields of romance are opened to us here! No sooner was the subject of Mr. Ainsworth's new work mentioned, than it occurred to many minds at once to be quite wonderful that it had never been taken possession of before. What a series of illustrative romances have we not reason to expect now! The commencement of the present work raises very high hopes of its brilliant success. The story is that of the learned, the beautiful, and the most unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, who on the 10th July 1553 made her entry into the Tower as 'Jane the Queen,' and who therein found so little time for joy and still less for prayer between the interval of robbing for that gorgeous ceremony, and habiting herself for the block. The conduct of the story, in the present number leads us to conjecture that the events of the few days of her reign will be minutely related, set off by such aids from fiction as may be necessary to give a touch of the romantic to the historical. Those events are amply sufficient for the groundwork of a story of deep and vivid interest; and these chapters foreshadow it admirably. We open with 'the manner in which Queen Jane entered the Tower of London,'—in which the splendid procession passes before our eyes 'a vision of reality,' so clear is the delineation of character, so picturesque the grouping, so masterly the arrangement, and so animated the entire scene. Cranmer and Ridley, Northumberland and Suffolk, Lord Guildford, Dudley and young Cuthbert Cholmondeley, are already on the stage, which is indeed crowded with life; and amongst the glittering and anxious group is the dark Spaniard, Simon Renard, threatening, mysterious, and subtle—creeping and winding like a black and glossy serpent through the mazes of the dusky scene. This character is dashed in with a bold hand, and the portrait of the grand and haughty Duke, who is to be his antagonist in this eventful field, stands in startling contrast with it. The second scene, in which the Duke forces from the Privy Council a rejection of the Lady Mary's claim to the throne, is marked both by excellence of description and briskness of dialogue; while in the third chapter we have a most diverting set of characters sketched to the life—giants with an attendant dwarf, an ominous gaoler and a headsman to match, scores of roysterers proper to the time and the occasion—and above all a fair damsel, Ciceley named, whose loves and perils set us hoping and speculating at the outset. This scene is given by George Cruikshank with inimitable ease, accuracy, and power; it is, as may be imagined, one of his best delineations of broad humour and richness of character; nor is he a whit less masterly in his illustration of a more serious incident of the story—the Queen's start, in the chapel on the first night of her arrival, at seeing an axe at her feet, 'the peculiarly formed implement used by the headsman, the edge turned towards her.' The third illustration on steel presents an effective view of the entry of the royal victim; and besides these there are designs on wood by the same unrivalled and uttiring pencil. *Cheapness* can no farther go, nor can any promise of excellence be more decided than that here given. The Work is in the best manner of both author and artist, the subject is so chosen as to bring out whatever is most graphic and delightful in their respective powers, and it is so treated as to ensure the reader a monthly 'feast of dainties' that will render it the popular favourite throughout the year."—*Ct. Journal*.

"The present part abounds with scenes of striking interest, which are depicted in the unique and happy style which forms the chief excellence of Mr. Ainsworth's descriptive powers."—*Dub. Morn. Reg.*

PART II.

"We look forward with great interest to the forthcoming numbers of this publication, as, even by the specimen already afforded, we are inclined to believe it is a work which is destined to take a high and lasting stand. Mr. Ainsworth displays immense antiquarian

research, and brings to a subject, most happily chosen, the strength of his high talents, rich imagination, and vigorous style."—*Era*.

"This tale increases much in interest, and promises to be one of Mr. Ainsworth's best."—*Age*.

"Mr. Ainsworth has not progressed much in the historical portion of his work, having been more attentive to the development of character. Every portion of the Tower fraught with historical interest, or noted for scenes of midnight murder, will be submitted, we presume, to the pencil of the artist, as well as to the pen of the author. Mr. Ainsworth is clearly studying to invest his characters with striking peculiarities, and a most attractive work may accordingly be expected."—*Sunday Times*.

"This is a very fit companion to 'Guy Fawkes,' from the same pen, and from the example presented to us in the two numbers before us, will, we think, advance Mr. Ainsworth's literary fame far beyond the point to which his previous works have carried it. 'The Tower' is a subject thronged with historical incidents of powerful interest."—*Man. Courier*.

"Whatever may have been our anticipations of this story from the opening No. of the series, and they were very sanguine, from the proved talent and fancy of the author, they have been fully confirmed by the second part, which has some characteristic description, so replete with grave, dry humour, the most acceptable to an English taste, that we cannot but predict an extraordinary success and popularity for the work. There are three illustrations by G. Cruikshank, every way worthy of that artist."—*Bath Herald*.

"The pages before us present every indication that this will prove by far the best of the literary productions of this truly popular author. The characters, the scene, and the period he has selected, combine the elements of a romantic narrative in a most powerful degree, while the extensive, historical, and minute antiquarian information of the writer, together with his well practised pen, convey an assurance that the design he has so well commenced will be carried out with appropriate energy and effect."—*Bristol Mirror*.

"We have before us the second part of the 'Tower of London,' by Mr. Ainsworth. Like the preceding part, it is admirably illustrated, and the narrative is replete with a series of historical incidents, some of them rather marvellous, it is true, but such as give a romantic character to the work that relieves dry details of the tedium which a plain narrative of facts generally induces. The work, for so far, is admirably written, and the romantic turn given to the history of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, constitutes it a most interesting narrative."—*Dublin Warder*.

"There is great diversity of tale and character in this number, and its pervading air of mystery so excites curiosity as to keep expectation on the fullest stretch."—*Argus*.

"By Mr. Ainsworth's agency we are again willing captives in the Tower. Our expectation of last month has not been disappointed, and the interest already thrown over the personages of the story is well sustained, and has assumed that permanent form which must accompany them to the end. The characters of Queen Jane, and her weak but ambitious husband, are well portrayed; and the scene in St. John's Chapel, the supper in the stone kitchen, and the sermon in the 'Byward Tower,' admirably described; every thing, in short, augurs a most interesting romance; and the Tower of London will lose none of its popularity now that Mr. Ainsworth has taken upon himself the office of literary warder."—*Herald*.

"The second number of this historical romance has satisfied us that Mr. Ainsworth will amply avail himself of the rich materials supplied by the extraordinary events of which the Tower of London had been the scene. We are exceedingly pleased with the work, and if the author should proceed to the completion of his task in the same spirit, he will succeed in producing a capital historical romance. We should add, that George Cruikshank's

illustrations are in the best style of that accomplished artist."—*Dublin Evening Post*.

"The Tower of London is certainly a legitimate subject of romance, and in the hands of such a writer as Mr. Ainsworth has proved himself, what exciting incident may we not expect! The author is truly fortunate in his illustrator, and from their combined efforts we augur a rich treat as the work proceeds onward to completion."—*Caledonian Mercury*.

"We were not wrong in our anticipations—this bids fair to be one of the most popular romances of the day. The picturesque associations of the Tower, the historic records, the interest which still lingers about Lady Jane Grey, supply Mr. Ainsworth with materials for which he has a boundless skill and a rich fancy to dispose. The character of Jane is well drawn, and in excellent keeping with all that is popularly believed of her—the grace and sweetness of woman, are admirably blended with the queenly dignity which so much becomes her when she rises in station. The illustrations by Cruikshank need no praise—they are fit for the book."—*Exc. W. Times*.

"As the story progresses, it advances in beauty, and becomes fraught with scenes of thrilling interest, intermingled with some which would excite 'a guffaw, under the iron ribs of death.' The scenes between the Queen and her husband—the giants, the dwarf, Peter Trusbut, Cicely and Nightgal—are well imagined. Lady Jane's character is finely sketched. The husband's weakness, and Northumberland's daring and ambition, are also well portrayed. The illustrations, by Cruikshank, of which we have six, are all of portions of the Tower, and are equal to anything that has ever emanated from his inimitable pencil."—*Derbyshire Courier*.

PART III.

"The interest of this historical romance now begins to increase accumulatively. Cholmondeley's incarceration, Gilbert's escape, Penard's interview with Gunwora, Queen Jane staying the angry Northumberland's wrath—all are described with a spirit which proves that Mr. Ainsworth has now got a subject worthy of his powers."—*Age*.

"In the class of illustrated works this publication takes an eminent place, while, as an historical romance, it is pregnant with deep and exciting interest. The fortunes of the hapless Lady Jane Grey have now attained their culminating point, and we tremble for the result of their declivity. The under-current of a love story among certain of the inferior personages, attractively verifies the adage, that 'the course of true love never doth run smooth.'"—*Caledonian Mercury*.

"Mr. Ainsworth proceeds gallantly with the Tower of London; and Cruikshank with equal invention and skill, in his illustrations. We regret that the three plates in each number are engraved on a material which does not permit of our copying them into a typographical sheet; if we could, the scene of 'The Queen and Lord Guilford Dudley brought back to the Tower,' in the last number, would have claimed our choice: but as we cannot exemplify this striking representation, we shall select a view of the White Tower, which is a beautiful specimen of the art of wood-engraving, where delicacy and artist-like effect are displayed to the greatest advantage. The letter-press description of this tower does honour to the author's antiquarian zeal and research, and sheds a reality over the events embraced by his narrative."—*Literary Gazette*.

"The interest of this story deepens as it proceeds. The prison scene between Cholmondeley and his jailor is managed with much effect, and that between Queen Jane and the Duke of Northumberland displays considerable spirit and power. The plates are excellent; they have all the graphic expression peculiar to the efforts of George Cruikshank."—*Observer*.

"Mr. Ainsworth is now fairly embarked in his new romance, and our sympathies are fully aroused for the leading personages of the story. Those traits of character which hitherto were only slightly marked, have now assumed that defined aspect, which enables us at will to

recall the originals to our recollection; thus stamping them with an individuality which in the hurried movement of general description they could hardly be said to possess. The conduct of the plot assumes also a more positive shape, and we are enabled to speculate on the possible course of events. The situation of Cholmondeley, whom we presume we must look upon as the hero, though not the principal actor in the scene, has become one of extreme peril, exposed as we find him to the malice of the revengeful and jealous Nightgal. The escape of Gilbert from the Tower is told (though briefly) in a manner for which Mr. Ainsworth has made himself celebrated; it is bold and picturesque, yet amongst the occurrences possible where a daring mind is at work. The strange duel between the dwarf Xit, and the unarmed jailor, is highly ludicrous, and the result is no less so. Of a highly interesting nature is the description of the interior of the Bowyer Tower; and amongst the historical scenes which give effect to the work not the least prominent is that where Northumberland, fatally for himself, agrees to accept the command of the expedition against the Lady Mary. Altogether, we find this an excellent number. George Cruikshank has not been idle either. Whether stimulated to the act, or inspired by his true genius, the illustrations for this month are more to our taste than any we have yet seen. The courtship of Magog is in the highest degree humorous; the flight of Queen Jane full of animation and picturesque effect; and the scene representing her return to the Tower a prisoner, a picture worthy the pencil of Della Notte, or of Rembrandt. With talents thus combined in its favour, we can hardly doubt the increasing popularity of the 'Tower of London.'"—*Morning Herald*.

PART IV.

"This admirable romance, in which the mysteries of the Tower and the interesting history of Lady Jane Grey and her times are so admirably portrayed and illustrated, continues with increasing interest. The sketches of George Cruikshank beautifully portray the ideas of the author, and the scenes to which he refers."—*Bell's Life in London*.

"Part IV., maintains its station among the serial publications of the day. The present number has several passages in which Mr. Ainsworth's talents appear to peculiar advantage. We would only instance his description of the circumstances under which Lady Jane Grey was brought back to the Tower."—*Observer*.

"This number contains a larger quantity of letter-press than usual, and our pleasure in perusing it is consequently enhanced. The story, as it progresses, has a deeper and more fearful interest, and the characters are more fully developed and broadly marked. The return of Lady Jane to the Tower as a prisoner is told with exquisite pathos, while the wooing of the Giant is sufficiently ludicrous to excite the risibility of the most cynical. The plates, as usual, are splendid."—*Britannia*.

"Mr. Ainsworth continues to show that he has got a subject worthy of his powers. His account of the closing days of Queen Jane's ill-starred reign, and of Queen Mary's successful assumption of the Crown, is very spirited; whilst it is relieved by the lighter passages of Xit's doings, and Magog's love. We perceive every prospect of this publication becoming most popular."—*Age*.

"Of the fourth part of Mr. Ainsworth's work we have only space to say that it exceeds in interest the foregoing parts. This is great praise. The author gathers strength as he goes, and as his tale is developed, the increase of his powers is discernible. The present part is full of good description, of scenes well put together, and wrought up into effective acts, and of characters drawn with a judicious admixture of historical truth and romantic licence."

Sunday Times.

"As the plot deepens, the interest deepens also, and we entertain high hopes that the work will greatly enhance the fame of Mr. Ainsworth. Some of the scenes in this part are portrayed with the vigour and distinctness of a

master hand. In no previous work has Cruikshank appeared to greater advantage."—*Derbyshire Courier*.

"An additional sheet of letter-press, given in the present number, renders it the more interesting, inasmuch as it enables the reader to take a more enlarged view of the story, which increases in interest as it proceeds. The descriptions of the subterranean passages and cells of the Tower, and of the sufferings of the prisoners, the escape of the Queen Jane, and the triumphal entry of the Lady Mary into the Tower, are all extremely good, and are likely to gratify both the antiquary and the general reader. Mr. Ainsworth is not less just in his treatment of the character of Mary than in that of Jane. Cruikshank has embellished the present number with three capital designs."—*Bell's New Weekly Messenger*.

"The exciting interest of the work is still sustained with unabated force. Humour and pathos abound in it—for an example of the former we refer the reader to Magog's declaration of love in the scene between him and the widow. The romance of history is finely developed in the exciting incidents which attend the narrative of Queen Jane's brief and fitful reign. The beautiful traits of feminine loveliness and dignity which are exhibited in Jane, show the master-hand of the artist, and that Mr. Ainsworth's forte is not merely to describe incidents, but that he understands the effect of circumstances upon the individual, and can keep the character consistent with itself in whatever situation it may be placed. The illustrations of this number are worthy the name and fame of George Cruikshank; and we need not say that Mr. Ainsworth has not been less fortunate in the choice of his subject than the aid of the artist."—*West. Times*.

"The fourth number of Mr. Ainsworth's powerful romance more than confirms the sanguine anticipations we entertained and expressed from a perusal of the former numbers. The tale increases in interest, and all our sympathies are fully enlisted in behalf of the gifted Lady Jane, who was doomed to play so conspicuous and unwilling a part in one of the most mournful tragedies which history contains. We before remarked how singularly happy Mr. Ainsworth was in the choice of the historical incidents upon which to engraft his fiction—as in the whole range of British history there is no occurrence which presents such ample materials out of which to produce a tale of such thrilling interest. And when we say that Mr. Ainsworth has proved himself equal in every respect to his subject, we bestow upon him the highest possible praise. Altogether, we consider the *Tower of London* one of the most delightful romances of the day, and assuredly it must enjoy surpassing popularity. The engravings by Cruikshank are in his happiest style, and ably sustain his deservedly high reputation."—*Dub. War.*

PART V.

"This is dramatising history. If Mr. Ainsworth continues his work in the same spirit, he will produce a book so good that our only regret will be the having read it in detail. It is like a good dinner served up in courses, no one of which is enough to satisfy our appetite, but only to increase it for the one to come."—*Era*.

"The part for this month is full of historical and antiquarian knowledge, conveyed to the reader through the medium of romance. The romance assists the duller detail of history, and the historical trammels prevent the author from taking too strong or too frequent flight into the regions of imagination. Thus each is made subservient to the other, and the result of their subservience is a very entertaining not to say instructive narrative, from the pen of a deservedly popular writer. It is sufficient for the present to say that this part is equal to any of its predecessors in interest, and perhaps in the decorative parts superior."—*Sunday Times*.

"The greater part of this part is taken up with a history and description of the Tower. In the same space we have never seen a more lucid account of it. Almost every stone possesses some interest, and no man knows better

how to avail himself of it than the talented author. Proud Northumberland's career is brought to a close. In sketching his character, the author has adhered closely to the chart of history—haughty when triumphant; mean when conquered. He is made to renounce Protestantism in the hope of being spared; and, being then reduced to the lowest grade of ignominy, he loses his head on the scaffold on Tower-hill. The illustration of this scene by Cruikshank is remarkable for the fineness and accuracy of its minutiae, and the excellence of its general grouping."—*Derbyshire Courier*.

"The fifth number brings down the events, consequent upon the wild attempt to establish Lady Jane Gray upon the throne, so far as the execution of its projector the Duke of Northumberland. The description of the execution is very graphic and striking. The narrative is written in an easy and unambitious style, and the author is very happy in the introduction of historical facts and anecdotes, which greatly enhance the interest of the work. The illustrations by George Cruikshank, especially the execution, are fine specimens of the style of that able artist."—*Dub. Even. Post*.

"The character of this number of the *Tower of London* offers no inducement to us to deviate from the praises which we have so warmly bestowed on the design or plan of the work, and on Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's talents displayed in the execution of it. The present number is even more full of scenes of interest than any one of its predecessors."—*Dispatch*.

"We have so repeatedly expressed the high opinion we entertain of this deservedly popular romance, that we consider it unnecessary to do more than state that the present number is fully equal to its predecessors. In the present number we have the unstable and ambitious character of the haughty Duke of Northumberland fully developed. The mockery of a trial he was forced to submit to for high treason—his noble bearing and high-souled chivalry, worthy of a better and a nobler cause—his weak and vacillating conduct under the temptations of Gunwora, when he recanted a faith he all the while cherished at heart—and, finally, his execution, when, even in death, he had hopes of life, are all depicted in colours vivid, powerful, and striking—with the skill of the gifted romancer, and the soul-subduing power of the dramatist. The illustrations are in George Cruikshank's best style. 'Mauger sharpening his Axe,' and 'The Execution,' are very excellent."—*Dublin Monitor*.

"We have now proceeded sufficiently far in Mr. Ainsworth's new romance to enable us to form a decided opinion of its character; and upon taking a survey of the five parts together, we must say that our impression of its merits is strengthened; and that we consider it not only the best of Mr. Ainsworth's works, but the one that will have the most enduring popularity. Its historical reminiscences are introduced with so much tact, and they are written in a style so effective and so familiar, as to engage and interest readers of all kinds and ages. Indeed, we could not adduce a better exemplification of the style justly termed 'popular.' In the number which is just published, we have a most admirable history and description of the Tower, with an epitome of the dark events which have transpired within its walls. We have already mentioned the very fair and impartial manner in which the character of the two Queens, Jane and Mary, are treated, an example of justice that historical writers would do well to imitate."—*Weekly Messenger*.

"Mr. Ainsworth's graphic and versatile pen finds ample scope in the rich mine of incident which he has so successfully sprung in this historical romance. The first chapter of the Part before us, conducts us through and around the venerable and renowned fortress cleft the Tower, sketching its history, and describing its palace, gardens, fortifications, dungeons, and chapels; its royal inmates, prisoners, executions, and secret murders. The other chapters embody a vivid description of the arraignment, trial, and condemnation of the Duke of Northumberland, with a curious account of the mode of his reconciliation to the Church of Rome. The Part closes

with his closing scene on Tower Hill, where his ambitious projects are fearfully expiated. Cruikshank's genius imparts a thrilling sense of reality to some of the scenes described—namely, Mauger, the headsman, sharpening his axe; Northumberland renouncing the Protestant religion; and his decapitation on Tower Hill, with all its startling accompaniments."—*Caledonian Mercury*.

PART VI.

"This is, indeed, a romance on which the mind can dwell with unalloyed pleasure, and it is well deserving of the vast circulation it has already obtained. No exertion is spared to render it perfect in every part. The mysteries of the Tower are fully unveiled, and the elevated and beautiful character of Lady Jane Gray, contrasted with the narrow bigoted disposition of Queen Mary, doubly awakens our sympathy for the unfortunate victim of craft and cruelty."—*Dublin Evening Packet*.

"Mr. Ainsworth's story increases in interest as it approaches to the catastrophe. The work, with its excellent descriptions and well-engraved views of different parts of the great and formidable state prison, will be an acquisition to literature in a more useful sense than as a mere romance founded upon an historical event."—*Courier*.

"The new number of this interesting periodical historical romance supports the reputation which the author obtained by the preceding numbers, as one who could both instruct and amuse. This number is full of interest; it has both comic and tragic scenes, and both are well treated. The attachment of Queen Mary to Courtenay is well described; his character is set forth and illustrated by his acts, and a great deal of spirited dialogue is introduced to make out the narrative and prevent the dullness of a continued description. There is a good account of a duel between Courtenay and Simon Renard; and there is a chapter which is still better, and which narrates the conference held between Bishop Gardiner and Lady Jane Gray in the Beauchamp Tower of the Tower of London. This chapter is an excellent specimen of the manner in which an historical romance should be written; it is neither too full of imaginary dialogue, nor too closely connected with the strictness of absolute matter of fact. The comic humour is kept up by the adventures and mishaps of Xit, and the manner of his treatment by his gigantic friend. We regret not having space for an extract or two, but they are the less necessary as everybody reads the number through. The embellishments are particularly good."—*Sunday Times*.

"This is the best number that Mr. Ainsworth has yet produced, and we may hail it as a happy omen of the complete success of the work that its merit should increase as the story advances. The author is now fully warmed by his subject, and every chapter teems with incidents of the deepest interest, while new actors appear upon the scene to claim their share of our attention. Amongst these, the most prominent is Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, who figured so conspicuously in the early part of the reign of Queen Mary. The Queen's love for this accomplished nobleman (an historical fact), is made a principal feature in the opening chapter of the present part, and Mr. Ainsworth has shown great skill in the manner in which he has represented the effects of the passion upon minds constituted like those of Mary and her ambitious yet volatile lover. Courtenay's character is well drawn; it is full of the romance that makes the charm of fiction, and is yet in perfect accordance with historic truth. The scene in the council chamber is admirably described, nor with less vigour and animation is that of the duel between Courtenay and Simon Renard. In the latter our little friend Xit is mainly instrumental in preventing a fatal issue to the encounter. The whimsical assumption of dignity in the dwarf is most amusing, and this alternation of incident 'from grave to gay' is one of the numerous alternations of the work. We pass from the palace garden to the Beauchamp Tower,—from a scene of violence to one of a totally opposite nature, in which the admirable constancy, the fervid eloquence, and

trusting piety of the unfortunate Lady Jane are vividly set before us. In the conference between her and Bishop Gardiner the beauty of her character is finely developed, and Mr. Ainsworth has fully succeeded in painting a picture of the most perfect truth and interest. The last chapter which we have arrived at much too forcibly reverts to the fictitious personages of the romance, and Cuthbert Cholmondeley appears again. The scene in the Stone Kitchen and the subsequent adventures in the Develin Tower are told with great animation, and the local descriptions are marked by the most perfect accuracy. We close the chapter with a fearful account of the discovery of the dead body of Alexia in a vault of the Develin Tower. The mention of this remarkable cell leads us to speak, in their turn, of Cruikshank's illustrations, which are, indeed, excellent. How so many exquisite woodcuts and etchings can be completed in the short period allotted for their execution passes our comprehension."—*Morning Herald*.

PART VII.

"Whatever may have been the claims of the Tower of London to our notice and admiration, however, either for the characteristic features of the structure itself, or the associations which it cannot fail to create, it would have passed away as only one amongst the curious but only occasionally noticed wonders of the age, had it not been that one of the most powerful writers of the day has made it the subject of a most able and exciting romance.

"Mr. Ainsworth's 'Tower of London,' which is characterised by all the highest attributes of that species of composition to which it belongs, peoples the dark cells and subterranean passages of this gloomy prison with living beings in whose fortunes we feel the most lively interest. He carries us back in imagination to the periods in which peoples and crowns were here disposed of by the caprice and cupidity of a few powerful nobles, and when the rack and the stake silenced the teachings or stifled the murmurings of the few who, going before the generation in which they lived, sought to elevate their fellows to the rank of free and enlightened citizens.

"How touchingly and truly, withal, has he dealt with the story of the lovely, amiable, and accomplished Lady Jane Gray! And with what fidelity has he portrayed the ambition and hauteur of Northumberland, and the diverse qualities of his adherents or enemies! His descriptions are so vivid that you may fancy you see the objects moving before you; and so naturally and skillfully does he delineate the mental workings and individual actions of the various agents employed in the great drama he undertakes to put together, that you almost fancy yourself to be a participator in their projects and achievements. The simplicity of the style, the lucid arrangement of events, and the powerful delineations of character which mark every part of this narrative, will justify us in placing Mr. Ainsworth in the very first rank of the writers of historical romance in the present day."

Cleave's Gazette.

"With a subject of this vast scope before him, we think that Mr. Ainsworth has acted judiciously in fixing the commencement of his annals from a comparatively recent date; for the reader naturally takes a more lively interest in the adventures and fate of persons in proportion as they lived nearer to his own time, whilst abundant opportunities are still afforded for throwing in reminiscences of still more ancient events connected with the scene of action. He starts with the rash attempt of the ill-advised and ill-fated Lady Jane Gray upon the Crown of England, the sad history of which being brought to a close in the fourth number, Queen Mary, of unamiable notoriety, but whom Mr. Ainsworth thinks has been much misrepresented, and was therefore not as black and bloody as she has been painted, makes her appearance in royal state. The teeming events of which the Tower of London was the scene in this and the ensuing reign, must at once be anticipated by anybody

who knows anything of English history. Mr. Ainsworth has executed his task in a manner highly creditable to himself, and likely to conduce much to the amusement and instruction of his readers.

"Mr. Ainsworth's comic creations are three enormous giants, Og, Gog, and Magog, officiating as warders at the Tower, and a funny little dwarf named Xit. The former worthies are introduced to us as the illegitimate offspring of Henry the Eighth; and we cannot help thinking that our author might as well have let off his Majesty's reputation with one of them. Shakspeare contented himself with one Falstaff, and revelled in the contrasts in his appearance with that of all about him. We fear Mr. Ainsworth will find it very up-hill work to keep his three tons of flesh perpetually on the *qui vive*. However, he has enterprise enough for anything, and we heartily wish him success."—*Chronicle*.

PART VIII.

"The reign of Mary is continued in the present number. The illustrations, by Cruikshank, are admirable, especially the visit of the Queen to the Lion's Tower."—*Dublin Evening Post*.

"This number equals in interest any of those which have preceded it, and exceeds the majority of them in excitement, as it contains an account of burning a Protestant in the good old times, when it was the fashion to roast them to death in order that they might be convinced of the supposed errors of their faith. There are three engravings in this part done in Cruikshank's best style. One of these, the victim at the stake, may take rank, from its fearful interest and amazing expression, by the side of his ever-to-be remembered 'The Jew in the condemned cell.'"—*Exeter Western Times*.

"When completed, this will be an unique volume—comprehending numerous illustrations by the first artist of our time, a correct and elegant history and description of the most remarkable fortress in the world, and a story, of the time of Queens Jane and Mary, of much beauty and interest. The present part is a good one, and maintains the character of the work."—*Derbyshire Courier*.

"The adventures of the dwarf Xit, in the present number, are very comic and amusing; and the more serious parts of the narrative, the escape of Courtenay and the conspiracy of De Noailles, full of interest. It is, without doubt, the best historical romance that has been published for years past. The illustrations by Cruikshank are sketched with the vigour, breadth, and effect, which always distinguish the works of this great artist."

"Each succeeding chapter of Mr. Ainsworth's popular romance increases in exciting incident and bold adventure. Plots thicken—intrigues, the end of which we cannot divine, are mysteriously planned; and the whole story becomes of absorbing interest. The escape of the Earl of Devonshire is graphically described, and we regret our space will not permit us to extract it. Mr. Ainsworth has proved himself by former works a powerful writer; but, unquestionably, the *Tower of London* is his best performance. The illustrations by Cruikshank, in their own peculiar style, are excellent."—*Dublin Monitor*.

"This number is rich in curious and entertaining matter. The first chapter exhibits a singular scene between Queen Mary and Bishop Gardiner, in which the former, writhing under the effects of disappointed love, threatens to execute summary vengeance on Elizabeth and Courtenay, but is diverted from her bloody purpose by the prudent advice of her ghostly counsellor. Then we have an account of the escape of Courtenay from the Tower, through the agency of the amusing dwarf Xit, and the visit of the Queen to the Lion's Tower, with the laughable incidents that there befel. And lastly, a startling and powerful description is given of the burning of Edward Underhill, the Hot-Gospeller, on Tower Green. This last awful scene, with the escape of Courtenay, and Gog extricating the dwarf from the clutches of the bear

in the Tower Menagerie, are graphically illustrated in three plates by George Cruikshank."—*Caledon Mercury*.

"The interest of this portion of Mr. Ainsworth's romance, though referring principally to the historical events interwoven with the story, is kept up with great spirit. The conspiracy of De Noailles, and the confinement and subsequent escape of the Earl of Devonshire, are very graphically told, and the scene between Queen Mary and Bishop Gardiner is powerfully written. Indeed the whole of this number strikes us as possessing more dramatic effect than any of its predecessors. The exhibition of the Bearward, and Xit's amusing duel with 'Old Max,' are highly entertaining. Mr. Ainsworth has fully entered into and sustained the character of the vain-glorious dwarf, and made him one of those personages whom we shall always remember in conjunction with the Tower. Offering a strong contrast to the comic features of the romance, the gloomy episode of the hot-gospeller comes out in dark relief. The account of his torture and final suffering is perfectly terrific, and we shudder to think that the imagination of the writer is not the real source of the sad description. Mr. Ainsworth has been powerfully aided by George Cruikshank, whose genius has fully developed itself in the illustrations. The 'burning' on the Tower Green affects us painfully, from its severe truth; it is one of those scenes which we feel convinced must be real, though—thanks to the change which three centuries have wrought—we cannot test it by an appeal to experience. The struggle between Xit and the Bear is very cleverly drawn, and the flight of Courtenay as well represented on steel as we have described it to be on paper."—*Herald*.

PART IX.

"The *Tower of London* goes on prosperously. One of its most interesting illustrations in the present number is a bird's-eye view of the ancient palace and fortress, taken in the year 1553."—*John Bull*.

"The ninth part of this stirring narrative is continued with unabated spirit and effect, and the illustrations, by Cruikshank, are worthy of unmitigated commendation."—*Dublin Evening Packet*.

"Mr. Ainsworth keeps up the full interest of his story, whilst, at the same time, relieving it by many quaint and humorous incidents. Xit wedded to the 'Scavenger's Daughter' is admirably described, and as admirably illustrated by G. Cruikshank. Sir Thomas Wyatt dictating terms to Queen Mary, in the Council Chamber of the White Tower, is also a sketch of rare merit."—*Age*.

"The trial and pardon of the Lady Jane Gray and her husband, with the imprisonment and manoeuvres of Xit the dwarf, occupy this number. The commencement of the insurrection of Sir Wm. Wyatt, which finally led the innocent Jane to the scaffold, is just glanced at, the interest of which leaves the reader anxious for the next part. The illustrations are very well executed, more especially the plan of the old Tower of London."—*Manchester Advertiser*.

"We peruse the works of Mr. Ainsworth with great pleasure, combining as they do so much information and entertainment. The embellishments of the present number add much to the value of the work, by including a 'View of the Tower of London in 1553.'"—*Bristol Mirror*.

"We have received the ninth part of Ainsworth's *Tower of London*, which is a romance of undoubted merit, abounding with interesting historical incidents, wound up with romantic invention, and blended at times with comic scenes which lighten historic detail, and divests the horrors of romance of that nervous excitement which they are in general calculated to produce. The illustrations by Cruikshank are admirable, and the whole reflects credit on the author, the publisher, and the artist."—*Dublin Warder*.

"This historic novel rises in interest every number, and that for the present month has several scenes of the

highest order of merit. The first chapter represents to us Lord Guildford Dudley and Lady Jane Gray arraigned and attainted of high treason, and Queen Mary's offering them a pardon on the condition that they would change their religion. We do not wish to impugn the sincerity of Lady Jane's faith, but we doubt whether she and her husband did not feel that had they recanted from Catholicism, their recantations would have been published to their disgrace, and to the injury of their sect, whilst their heads would equally have fallen from the block."—*Dispatch*.

"The romance still maintains its interest, and George Cruikshank shines superior in the illustrations, and which are (in addition to an old plan and view of the Tower in 1553), 'Sir Thomas Wyatt dictating terms to Queen Mary in the Council Chamber of the White Tower, and of Xit (the dwarf) wedded to the 'Scavenger's Daughter'—a mode of torture which will be understood by the readers of the foregoing numbers. There are other minor illustrations, but the foregoing are in every respect worthy of the artist. The story is spirited and varied as usual."—*Exeter Western Times*.

PART X.

"This month's number more than realises every previous notion we may have entertained as to the force and power of Mr. Ainsworth's vigorous simplicity; and carries us along through stirring scenes of adventure, which, peculiarly interesting in themselves, lose nothing from the nervousness of his style. The scene in St. John's Chapel, where Mary of England, with a spirit worthy of her father, addresses herself to her armed warriors, is strikingly bold and picturesque. The attack on the old fortress, by Sir Thomas Wyatt and his misguided followers, is in Mr. Ainsworth's happiest vein. Every word, like the blast of the trumpet and the shout of the combatants, gives force, reality, and life to the description. He seems to have been carried away after the best fashion; or rather, throwing himself amongst the besiegers and besieged, he has not wasted his energy by fondly striving after *quaintness of expression*—now unhappily received for evidence of *sterling genius*—but in plain, sensible, and effective words, fights his fight, and carries his readers pell-mell into its thickest rage.

"Our old friends the giants, and their inseparable attendant the valorous and heroic Xit, flourish in this number. The latter worthy, from a most fortunate accident of the field, or rather of the *flood*, thinks the time near at hand when he is about to realise his dream of ambition, and, for his Bayard-like valour, become a knight!

"The personages of this romance actually live and breathe.—The old colours of the historical painting, mouldering by time, and almost indistinct by the strange contraries of tradition and party feeling, are now retouched by the vigorous pencil of true genius, and look down on us from the canvas with the freshness of youth, reality, and life. Mary round whom prejudice and over-zealous enmity have associated so many gloomy horrors, is, in the Tower, indebted to the gallantry of Mr. Ainsworth for some fine traits and gentle features, that in sooth, soften down the harshness of historic drawing, and place her somewhat on a level with common humanity, and even womanly feeling.

"We can have no doubt but that the 'Tower' will last long to chronicle the fame of Mr. Ainsworth, as does the old grey, yet blood-stained, fortalice stand to record many a bad, or bold, or treacherous deed, prompted by revenge, by patriotism, by lust of power, or by human depravity. He has written this romance at the right time, when, from his *trueness to nature*, and his desire to represent the stern realities of society and life, he may have incurred the harsh censure of over-rigid moralists, in whose eyes, perchance, Mr. Ainsworth's greatest and most unpardonable offence is his well-merited popularity. The 'Tower' will indeed live when the ephemeral productions of the present day shall have vanished with the hour that gave them a brief existence."

"The illustrations of the present number may serve as a fair specimen of Mr. Cruikshank's higher style, and give an interest as well as a truthfulness to the pleasant romance."—*Cork Standard*.

"We have received this month's number of Harrison Ainsworth's *Tower of London*, which fully sustains its character. The illustrations are peculiarly excellent, and the power of compressing an infinitude of figures into an exceedingly contracted space, little short of wonderful."—*Warder*.

"The events detailed in this part are bustling, and well told. They comprise the announcement of Queen Mary's intended marriage to the Council and civic authorities, and the ominous reception it encountered; next Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection, the speech of the Queen thereupon in the Council Chamber, and her interview afterwards with Wyatt; and lastly, the siege of the Tower, which is illustrated by George Cruikshank in three capital etchings, embodying matters and personages very different to the long-legged gentlemen who have figured so pre-eminently of late in the plates. Mr. Ainsworth does more than justice to Mary, making her more of a heroine than history warrants—it was impossible to make her more of a bigot. His romance, however, suffers nothing from the elevation of the character of royalty, which, by-the-way, often needs such imaginative help, and the scenes in which she appears are among the most effective. The siege of the Tower is spiritedly narrated, and faithfully illustrated by Mr. Ainsworth's artistic coadjutor."—*Satirist*.

"We have no hesitation in declaring, that we believe this work will be ranked amongst the best modern works of fiction. It embraces one of the most eventful periods of our history—when each successive day brought fresh prisoners within the Tower's walls, from which few ever emerged."—*Derbyshire Courier*.

"The engravings accompanying the present number of this able work, are of an unusually interesting character. The subjects are, Sir Thomas Wyatt attacking the By-Ward Tower, the attack upon the Brass Mount by Lord Guildford Dudley, and the attack upon St. Thomas's Tower by the Duke of Suffolk. We have never seen the bustle and animation, the 'moving incidents,' the rage and swell of war, more vividly portrayed."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"This work proceeds in a manner which cannot fail of giving universal satisfaction; it is, what it really professes to be, an 'Historical Romance,' and will, when completed, which will be we understand in November next, add another laurel to those already gained, by its talented author."—*Bristol Mirror*.

"This is a stirring portion of Mr. Ainsworth's romance. The proceedings of the conspirators against Mary, her heroic bearing in opposition to the pusillanimous advice of her counsellors, the insurrection under Sir Thomas Wyatt, and his attack on the Tower, form subjects which the practised pen of the elegant narrator has sketched with great power and spirit. George Cruikshank has been no less happy in his warlike illustrations. This attractive romance draws near its termination; but the public will be glad to learn, that another work is in preparation under the joint management of the eminent writer and illustrator of this."—*Caledonian Mercury*.

"Three exceedingly spirited etchings by Cruikshank embellish the present number. They represent the siege of the Tower during Wyatt's rebellion; and are truly excellent both in design and execution. The chapters of the romance treat chiefly of the event which the embellishments illustrate, and give the reader an excellent idea of that bold adventure, and also of the character and manners of the time. Of the very impartial manner in which Mr. Ainsworth treats the characters of the prominent personages of history, we have further evidence in this number, wherein Queen Mary's dignified firmness, and strict sense of honour, are very effectively displayed. The battle scenes are described with masterly skill."—*Bell's New Weekly Messenger*.

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BRECKNOCKSHIRE, with a considerable portion of Radnor, and parts of Cardigan, Caermarthen, Glamorgan, Monmouth, and Hereford	1 16 0	2 12 6	3 3 0	5 5 0
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, with considerable portions of Northampton, Oxon, and Berks, and parts of Bedford, Herts, and Surrey	1 5 0	2 0 0	2 5 0	4 10 0
CAERMARTHENSHIRE, with portions of Cardigan, Pembroke, Glamorgan, and Brecknockshire	1 10 0	2 10 0	3 0 0	5 10 0
CAMBRIDGESHIRE, with the whole of Huntingdon, and parts of Northampton, Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Herts, and Beds	1 18 0	2 16 0	3 10 0	5 15 6
CARDIGANSHIRE, with portions of Pembroke, Caermarthen, Brecknock, Radnor, Montgomery, and Merionethshire	1 12 0	2 10 0	3 0 0	5 10 0
CORNWALL, with a portion of Devon	2 1 0	3 13 6	4 10 0	8 8 0
CORNWALL and DEVON, <i>geologically coloured</i>	6 0 0	9 0 0	10 10 0	16 16 0
DEVONSHIRE, with portions of Cornwall and Somersetshire	2 9 0	4 0 0	5 0 0	8 18 6
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ENVIRONS OF LONDON: a reduction of the above	1 12 0	2 12 6	3 3 0	6 16 6
ESSEX, with portions of Suffolk, Cambridge, Herts, Middlesex, and Kent	1 6 0	2 4 0	2 15 0	6 6 0
GLAMORGANSHIRE, with portions of Caermarthen, Brecknock, and Monmouth	1 10 0	2 10 0	2 15 0	6 0 0
GLOUCESTERSHIRE, with considerable portions of Wilts, Worcester, and Hereford, and parts of Somerset, Monmouth, Berks, Oxon, and Warwick	1 17 0	3 0 0	3 13 6	6 16 6
HAMPSHIRE, with a considerable portion of Wilts, and parts of Dorset, Sussex, Surrey, and Berks	2 12 0	4 0 0	5 0 0	8 0 0
HEREFORDSHIRE, with parts of Salop, Radnor, Brecknock, Gloucester, and Worcester	1 2 0	1 16 0	2 5 0	4 14 6
HERTFORDSHIRE, with a considerable portion of Beds, and Bucks, and parts of Middlesex, Essex, and Cambridge	1 10 0	2 5 0	2 16 0	5 5 0
HUNTINGDONSHIRE, with a considerable portion of Cambridge, and parts of Beds and Northampton	1 2 0	1 16 0	2 2 0	3 17 0
KENT, with a considerable portion of Sussex, and parts of Surrey, Middlesex, and Essex	1 17 0	3 0 0	3 15 0	7 7 0
LEICESTERSHIRE, with portions of Nottingham, Derby, Warwick, Northampton, Rutland, and Lincoln	1 11 0	2 6 0	2 18 0	5 5 0
LINCOLNSHIRE, with portions of York, Notts, Leicester, Rutland, Cambridge, and Norfolk	2 16 0	4 4 0	5 5 0	7 17 6
MIDDLESEX, with portions of Herts, Bucks, Surrey, Kent, and Essex	1 4 0	1 15 0	2 0 0	3 16 0
MONMOUTHSHIRE, with portions of Hereford, Brecknock, Glamorgan, Somerset, and Gloucester	1 3 0	1 16 0	2 5 0	4 0 0
MONTGOMERYSHIRE, with considerable portions of Merionethshire, Cardigan, and Radnor, and portions of Salop and Denbigh	0 18 0	1 15 0	2 5 0	4 14 6
NORFOLK, with portions of Lincoln, Cambridge, and Suffolk	2 3 0	3 10 0	4 4 0	8 8 0

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE and RUTLANDSHIRE, with considerable portions of Leicester, Beds, and Hants, and parts of Warwick, Oxon, Bucks, Herts, Cambridge, and Lincoln	1	9	0	3	3	0	4	0	0	6	10	0
OXFORDSHIRE, with considerable portions of Berks and Bucks, and parts of Northampton, Warwick, Gloucester, and Wilts	2	0	0	3	3	0	4	0	0	6	0	0
PEMBROKESHIRE, with parts of Caermarthen and Cardigan	1	5	0	2	2	0	2	10	0	5	0	0
RADNORSHIRE, with a considerable portion of Brecknock, and parts of Montgomery, Cardigan, Caermarthen, Hereford, and Salop	0	16	0	1	5	0	1	11	6	3	10	0
RUTLANDSHIRE, with parts of Leicester, Northampton, Hants, and Lincoln. <i>See also Northamptonshire.</i>	0	8	0	0	15	0	1	0	0	2	15	0
SHROPSHIRE, with portions of Cheshire, Hants, Denbigh, Montgomery, Radnor, Hereford, Worcester, and Stafford	1	8	0	2	5	0	2	16	0	5	5	0
SOMERSETSHIRE, with a considerable portion of Devon and Dorset, and parts of Glamorgan, Gloucester, and Wilts	1	18	0	3	3	0	4	0	0	7	7	0
SUFFOLK, with a considerable portion of Norfolk, and parts of Cambridge and Essex	2	2	0	3	13	6	4	10	0	7	7	0
SURREY, with a considerable portion of Middlesex, and parts of Bucks, Berks, Hants, Sussex, Kent, and Essex	1	19	0	2	15	0	3	10	0	5	15	6
SUSSEX, with portions of Hants, Surrey, and Kent	2	0	0	3	3	0	4	0	0	8	0	0
WIGHT, ISLE OF, with the Southern portion of Hampshire	0	6	0	0	12	0	0	18	0	2	2	0
WILTSHIRE, with portions of Gloucester, Somerset, Dorset, Hants, Berks, and Oxon	2	16	0	4	4	0	4	14	6	6	10	0
WORCESTERSHIRE, with a considerable portion of Warwick, and parts of Hereford, Salop, Gloucester, and Oxon	1	7	0	2	5	0	2	12	6	5	0	0

"WORDS," says Mr. President Greenough, in his annual address to the Royal Geographical Society of London, May 24th, 1840,— "Words following words in long succession, however ably selected those words may be, can never convey so distinct an idea of the visible forms of the earth as the first glance of a good map. Of all contrivances hitherto devised for the benefit of geography, this is the most effective. In the extent and variety of its resources, in rapidity of utterance, in the copiousness and completeness of the information it communicates, in precision, conciseness, perspicuity, in the hold it has upon the memory, in vividness of imagery and power of expression, in convenience of reference, in portability, in the happy combination of so many and such useful qualities, a map has no rival." This is the opinion of a gentleman of first-rate knowledge and experience, and, though energetically and indeed eloquently expressed, it is not in the slightest item exaggerated.

This is true not only of the general map of the world but of every particular map down to the most limited topographical representation, such as the map of a district or parish, or the plan of a town or an estate; and, as the general map is the index to universal knowledge, so the local map is the index to the knowledge of that locality of which it is a delineation. *To every party in authority, a map of the space over which that authority extends is an indispensable requisite. The Bishop, for instance, should possess a map of his diocese, the Clergyman a map of his parish, and so on with every one in sacerdotal authority. In civil matters it is the same:—the Lord Lieutenant should have a map of his county; and so also should every county officer, whether his authority extends over the whole county or only a part. A map of the county should also be displayed in every county hall and every sessions house; and in the public room of every inn there ought to be not merely a map of the county, but a map of a very considerable extent of the environs, and having the town where the inn is situated as nearly in the centre as possible. Nor is the map less essentially necessary for all banking-houses, insurance offices, public establishments, and literary, scientific, and mechanics' institutions; for the library and even the parlour of every gentleman of property and intelligence; for the waiting-rooms at railway stations, and other means of transit; and in short for every place of public resort in which parties may assemble. To travellers, whether for business or for pleasure, the convenience and the saving of time by means of such maps would be almost incalculable. Farther, the general distribution of local maps among the people would conduce more to the increase of local knowledge, and the originating of local improvements, than other means that can be named.*

Such are a few of the leading uses of a map, and of the parties to whom such a document is officially indispensable; and it would be very easy to extend the enumeration to any length, as the map bears upon every thing terrestrial.

The MAP constructed from the ORDNANCE SURVEY of England and Wales, so far as published, combines all the good properties of a *general map of the country, a county map, and a map of any particular district or locality*, whether of larger or smaller extent. It is in fact THE Map of England and Wales, and the only one upon a large scale, and furnishing minute details, that can at all be relied upon for accuracy. *At the same time its price to the public is so low that no private constructor of maps could afford to copy it accurately as a simple engraving, even with the advantage of the survey, for less than at least double the price.* Thus it is a national work in the best sense of the term, and one of the most useful national works in existence.

The scale is one inch to the mile; and thus the square miles in any portion of the map are easily found by simple multiplication of the length and breadth in inches; and this uniformity and simplicity adapt it remarkably well for general use. ANY ONE WHO WISHES TO OBTAIN ANY DISTRICT WHATSOEVER has only to consult the small index map (COPIES OF WHICH ARE SUPPLIED GRATUITOUSLY BY THE AGENTS) for the numbers of the sheets or parts of sheets required; and the marginal references will show the total cost of the sheets; which may of course, (if required), be mounted according to the taste and inclination of the party.

In order to show the advantages which, independently altogether of the intrinsic value of this map, result from this convenience of publication, we may mention one or two examples:—

1. Suppose a map of the Environs of London more extensive than the ordinary ones is desired, this will be obtained by joining together sheets 8, 6, 1, 7, and the southern halves of 46 and 47; by which a map seventy inches long and sixty inches wide will be obtained, with the metropolis almost exactly in the centre: and the price, considering the extent and value of the map, will be seen to be EXCEEDINGLY MODERATE. The north-west corner of this map will reach near to Winslow; the western boundary will cross the Thames at Henley; and the south-western angle will be near Selborne. The south-eastern angle will include High Halden; and the eastern boundary will include the navigation of the Thames and the Medway, nearly as far as Sheerness. The eastern boundary will include Rochford and Malden; and the north-east will be at White Colne. The north will pass near Thacksted and Huntingford, and include Leighton Buzzard.

2. If a map showing the whole navigation of the Thames, and adjoining shores from Harwich to Folkestone, is required, an equal number of sheets will give it up to the centre of the Metropolis; and as some of the sheets contain less work the price will be cheaper.

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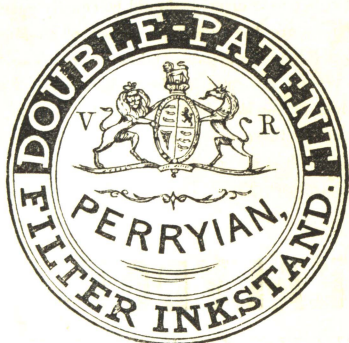
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